

The Sign

A NATIONAL CATHOLIC MAGAZINE

Autobiography of an Embryo

By THEODORE MAYNARD

Mount Carmel

By PETER F. ANSON

The Beechen Casket

By SHIEL MACDARA

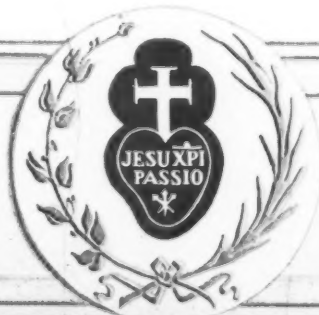
The Passionists in China

LETTERS FROM OUR MISSIONARIES

Vol. 9, No. 3

October, 1929

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The Sign

A NATIONAL CATHOLIC
MONTHLY MAGAZINE

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Retrench or Enlarge?

A QUESTION FOR AMERICAN CATHOLICS

HOS ALTOS, Calif., Sept. 26 (NCWC).—The recent massacre of the three Passionist Fathers in China has had the effect of increasing the number of vocations for the priesthood for service in foreign lands.

According to the Rev. Charles F. McCarthy, A.F.M., director of the Junior-Seminary here, the enrollment at the seminary this year just commencing, is double that of the previous year. As an evidence of the spirit that animates the students in that institution, one student writes: "The martyrdom of those three Passionist priests helped to bind us more closely to the foreign mission. I sincerely hope to be martyr too, some day, if it is God's will."

* * * * *

The above news item is but another proof of the fact that the vocations to the priesthood in American missionary institutes are rapidly multiplying. At no time, perhaps, in the history of American Catholicism were boys and young men offering themselves in such large numbers for the home and foreign missions as at the present. While God is giving these vocations and those who are called are enthusiastically and unselfishly heeding the call our Catholic laity should be anxiously eager to contribute their help to the furtherance of Christ's Cause.

The Catholic who refuses to give any help to the mission is practically casting his ballot in favor of the immediate recall of every priest, Brother and Sister laboring in the home and foreign missions.

The Catholic who through neglect, indifference or miserliness gives less to the missions than he did formerly is practically favoring a reduction in missionary forces that will limit the work of our Blessed Lord.

The Catholic who gives today the same as he gave formerly is in favor of holding the ground won but is not concerned with extending the boundaries of Christ's Kingdom.

The Catholic who increases the help he gives the missions beyond what he formerly gave favors more and greater work in the conquest of new territory for Jesus Christ.

As convinced Catholics with a little love for our Blessed Lord in our hearts we should believe in increasing the number of our missionaries and in supplying adequately the needs of the missions. We should, therefore, be really anxious to give to the missionaries all the spiritual and financial aid possible.

Father Harold Purcell, C.F.

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BY THE
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All Money Accruing
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Support of the Passion-
ist Missions in China.



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Orders Should Be Made
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Volume Nine

October, 1929

Number Three

Current Fact and Comment

Some Jim Crow Sentiments

THE REV. WILLIAM S. BLACKSHEAR, pastor of St. Matthew's Episcopal Church, Brooklyn, has made the front page by his alleged request that colored Episcopalians practice their religion elsewhere than in his church. The action of Mr. Blackshear has elicited wide comment, mostly unfavorable. The metropolitan papers were quite unanimous in condemning him. The New York *Evening Post* went so far as to say: "This ruthless youngster is entirely out of place in any church, especially in one north of the Mason and Dixon line."

We understand that Mr. Blackshear is a Southerner, probably strongly allied in 100% race-hatred with the writer of this note to the *Telegraph* of Macon, Georgia:

I hope the Georgia Legislature will pass a resolution condemning the Mrs. Hoover-DePriest tea party. I think that every Southern State should set aside one day to fast and pray for the preservation of our pure Anglo-Saxon race, for it is plain that if the South does not preserve it, that it will soon be a thing of the past.

I think that every wheel of industry should stand still and every head bow in prayer and shame at one o'clock the same day we pray for the preservation of the white race of America.

I hope that no Southern Senator or Southern Congressman's wife will darken the doors of the White House as long as Mrs. Hoover is its mistress.

When Mrs. Hoover has vacated the White House I hope our government will see the necessity to dynamite the White House, remove it from the face of the earth, build another one in its stead, that its walls may not be contaminated with the odor of Mrs. DePriest.

BARNEY, GA.

W. R. BLEASE.

P. S.: I would rather that the Catholic had control of our government than the African race.

We might pass over as the vagaries of ill-balanced individuals the words of the Rev. Blackshear and W.

R. Blease, but we are amazed to find the *Daily News* of Jackson, Miss., uttering this unadulterated piffle:

Several weeks ago it was announced that President and Mrs. Hoover intend to visit several Southern States during the Autumn and early Winter.

For their own sakes and to save Southern people from embarrassment, it is sincerely hoped they will not do so.

The DePriest incident has placed President and Mrs. Hoover beyond the pale of social recognition by Southern people.

As tersely remarked by the *Memphis Commercial-Appeal*, the White House reception to a Chicago Negress did not establish the social equality of the Negro race, but it did establish the social status of President and Mrs. Hoover.

A Southern visit by President and Mrs. Hoover at this time—or any other time in the future—would mean social ostracism for them. We do not practice social equality and we refuse recognition to people who do practice social equality.

Anglo-Saxon men and women of the South have no desire to bring the President and Mrs. Hoover face to face with the enormity of their offense. It is wise, therefore, that plans for the Southern visit be cancelled.

The Policeman in the Pulpit

OUR FEARS were not ill-founded. Our forebodings were prophetic. The thing has come. As headlined in the newspapers, it reads:

"Drive started on cigarettes by Methodist-Episcopal Leaders."

Once again the bankruptcy of Protestant pulpit and Sunday School is proclaimed to the country, and Congress is to be called to the help of the insolvent. If the American home cannot be brought under the influence of Protestant leadership to the extent of quench-

ing forever the cigarettes that are there burning, it must be made to feel the power of a Congressional deluge.

Ah, what the law can do! If it banished liquor, it will not quail before a cigarette. Moral training is only the kindergarten of regeneration. The finishing course must be in the hands of the policeman.

What a pass we are coming to in a free country when the only freedom we can have is what Methodist lobbyists hand out to us! But a worm can turn. Someday there will be an uprising of cheated citizens demanding a return of stolen prerogatives. A new Bill of Rights will be drawn up where Protestant theology will be openly repudiated in as much as it has degenerated to the absurdity that if men cannot be made to heed the pulpit, they must be made to fear the patrol.

The Protestantism of Today

IF THE Bible and the Bible only is the authority for the religion of Protestants, as we have been admonished lately by a writer who would steer his readers in a middle course between irreligion and Rome, the reminder came to us as real new news. We are aware that in one brief period of Protestantism the Bible and the Bible only was the war cry. The period passed and the war cry was changed. As time went on and one generation of Protestants succeeded another, the departure from the original Biblical position became so marked that a person could be anything he liked in religion—Bible or no Bible—and at the same time be a Protestant, provided only that he was not Catholic, Jew or Mohamedan. That is the condition of Protestantism today.

To claim the Bible as the sole authority for the religion of Protestants is a slander on the Bible and an insult to Protestants. Flexible as Biblical texts are when left to the unguided interpretation of every reader, they could never be fathered with the brood of whim, vagary and nonsense that makes up the Protestantism of today. And surely Protestants, blessed in a signal manner by being born into the world at a time when progress is the very essence of the hour, cannot be expected to trust their religion to a book written centuries ago and which could not, in the nature of things, know anything about the inspired leadership of Mabel Willebrandt, or the horrible morass into which Governor Smith would lead the country.

England's Catholic Emancipation

THE CHURCH in England has just brought to a close its National Congress which this year was the climax of the celebrations commemorating the Centenary of Catholic Emancipation. The change which has been wrought in England during the past hundred years is almost incredible. From the small and persecuted remnant of English Catholicism and the poor and oppressed Irish workers, driven to England by famine, to the national demonstration of living and progressive power just witnessed in the National Congress approximates closely to the miraculous. Archbishop Downey was stating plain truth when he described the English Church as having been planted in the likeness of Christ's

death but is now planted in the likeness of His resurrection.

One view of that miracle is best stated by the *Daily Express* of London. Under the heading "Fellow Citizens," and after having remarked that the Emancipation celebrations were held "with the entire good will and understanding sympathy of the Protestant community," the *Express* says that only fifty years ago such celebrations would have aroused active hostility; and continues: "But the Britain of today, not less Protestant than ever, is also more tolerant. . . .

"Nobody now thinks of membership of the Roman Catholic Church as incompatible with absolute loyalty to the Sovereign of these isles. A cleansing gale from the sea has swept away the old fears and prejudices. Their Protestant fellow-countrymen stand with the Roman Catholics today in honoring that great act of statesmanship, justice and liberation which admitted them to the privileges of British citizenship."

Faith Harmed by "Patriots"

THE USE of religion as a nationalist weapon, and the false patriotism which finds expression in terms of hatred for other countries, were earnestly denounced by Father Martindale at a meeting of the Catholic Council for International Relations.

"I solemnly implore every member of Christ's Body, which is the Church, and priests in particular, to abdicate wholly and forever any expression of nationalist rancor that they may still be imperfect enough to feel and above all to refrain—if they cannot wholly conquer themselves—from any such expression when it is even remotely connected with a religious occasion, such as a sermon or a speech or a pious celebration.

"If we can even suspect that our intention is not pure—that, for example, in inveighing against the sin we are giving scope to our inclination to hate the sinner—far better sacrifice even the denunciation of the sin.

"I affirm most solemnly that when a man's love for his country expresses itself in terms of hatred for his neighbor's country, he drives a dagger into the flesh of Christ and twists a bayonet in His heart. . . .

"Look at the hatreds between the Pole and Prussian; between Serb and Slovene and Croat; between Hungarian and Rumanian, and see how in each case religion can be, and has been, invoked in connection with the nationalist quarrels. . . .

"How complicated have been the origin, the development, the issue of the *Action Française* episode by reason of the intertwining of nationalist hatreds with religion! . . .

"For years I have said that one factor which has retarded the triumph of Our Lord for fifty years in many a land has been the apparent claim of this nation or that to monopolize the Faith, or even to have some intrinsic connection with it, first because this is false, second because in the baser sort of man this always turns into its frankly sinful version, which is to use religion as an additional weapon against someone whom on other grounds you hate.

"Hence, if as Catholics we increase in the knowledge of Christ, of His Church, of the rôle therein of His Vicar, the successor of St. Peter; and if we take cog-

nizance more and more of other nationalities, we shall not only tend to avoid inflicting yet more wounds upon the tattered flesh of the Crucified, but we shall endeavor, at the expense of no matter what abdication of personal sentiment, to bring about peace, good will, and actual unity among men."

Chesterton on Atheists

SPEAKING at the English National Congress on the Emancipation of the Atheist, Mr. Gilbert K. Chesterton said, "The Atheist cannot kneel, like one of the lower animals whose legs are not constructed for kneeling."

"He believes in a purpose for things without a person in whom the purpose resides."

"It seems to me like a joke existing without any one breaking it, on a memory without any one remembering."

"An atheist, is much more difficult to emancipate than any one else, because he is, above all people, the narrowest and the most completely captive. He is a cramped human being. It is quite obvious he can not do or say or feel or think three-quarters of what humanity—heathen as well as Christian—has been used to say, do, feel and think. . . There is a general disposition among the anti-Christian leaders and thinkers of our time to dodge the issue. They don't call themselves atheists and, what is more, they are far less logical, courageous, and consistent than the atheist. They talk about believing in a purpose in things and then tell you they don't believe in a divine person in whom purpose resides. I can not imagine anything like a purpose wandering about the world, without any person to belong to."

Mr. Chesterton said there were very few Atheists, but they were strong in the sense that all consistency is strong or in the sense that all stupidity is strong.

There was one common link between the Atheist and the Catholic, that they both believed in objective truth. That fact gave the Catholic the answer to the Atheist. The Atheist believed in truth because God is truth, and for no other reason.

Red Cross and Chinese Famine

THE AMERICAN RED CROSS, at a meeting of its central committee on September 27, with Judge John Barton Payne, national chairman, presiding, decided against entering upon famine relief in China. The decision is the result of an investigation of conditions in the famine areas by a special commission of the Red Cross this summer.

The main points made by the commission were summarized in a resolution adopted by the central committee today which read in part as follows:

The central committee hereby accepts the premises and conclusions developed in the report, which may be summarized briefly as follows:

1. That this committee learns with deep satisfaction that as the result of abundant rainfall, conditions in the

principal famine areas are rapidly improving in so far as the restoration of a normal climatic régime can promote that result;

* * * *

2. That the destitution which prevails in the famine areas is the cumulative result of the chronic conditions of disorder, the crushing exactions of the war lords, the depredations of bandits, the enforced payment of confiscatory taxation and the crippling and consequent inability of the railroads to function beyond a fraction of their normal capacity; to these was added a severe drought which brought the whole to a tragic climax;

* * * *

3. That these conditions do not present a situation which can adequately be dealt with by a foreign emergency relief agency; hence do not warrant an appeal by the Red Cross to the generosity of the American people;

* * * *

4. That Chinese leaders would no doubt give more thought to the removal of the causes which impoverish their people and bring on such tragedies if they realized the necessity of assuming full responsibility for resulting relief needs; any acceptance of that responsibility by foreign agencies cannot but retard this all-important result;

* * * *

5. That the American Red Cross is convinced only a wise, strong, stable, central government can command the power and resources and continuity of policy necessary to lead China out of her condition of disorder into a new era of peace, security and prosperity; and is further convinced that disastrous conditions leading to continued suffering will constantly recur until such a government comes into being.

* * * *

Whatever may be the economic and political aspects of the Chinese famine, the humanitarian view must not be lost sight of. The saving of starving human beings rather than academic consideration of some of the causes which have combined to bring about the Chinese famine has been the sole purpose of China Famine Relief, according to David A. Brown, chairman of the board of directors of that organization, who commented on the outright refusal of the American Red Cross to aid Chinese relief.

"In press reports of the action taken by the Red Cross," said Mr. Brown, "no mention is made of the lives that have been saved by the efforts of many thousands of charitably inclined people in this country who have contributed through China Famine Relief, U. S. A." The Red Cross had declined to aid on the ground that political chaos, corruption and overpopulation had been the causes for starvation in China.

"Because of this general attitude toward China on the part of the Red Cross," Mr. Brown went on, "the directors of China Famine Relief, as early as last March, issued a statement to the public declaring that the organization was not concerned primarily with the causes of the frightful suffering in China, but rather with practical means for saving as many lives as possible."

The organization, Mr. Brown said, followed the example of the American Relief Administration in Russia, which sent funds to famine sufferers despite incidental revolutionary disorders.

Categorica: On Things in General and Quite Largely a Matter of Quotation

EDITED BY N. M. LAW

POSITIONS WANTED

Catholics will find a bit of humor in the ads, taken from *The Living Church*, of some Episcopalian clergymen, popularly called ministers or preachers but styling themselves priests. Note the self-recommendations, particularly the innate modesty, of the first advertiser:

AN ULTRA CONSERVATIVE PARISH IS desired by an innately and liberally cultured Manhattan priest. Although charmingly situated with cordially disposed parishioners, he is convinced of richer service with a congregation of comprehension and in sympathy with his type. Address, B-449, LIVING CHURCH, Milwaukee, Wis.

CLERGYMAN DESIRES TO BRANCH OUT INTO a larger field of Church usefulness. A.B. degree from Carleton College. 38 years, single. Now assisting in a New York parish. Address, D-439, care of THE LIVING CHURCH, Milwaukee, Wis.

CLERGYMAN, A MODERATE, NEAR 40, extempore preacher, now teaching, desires work as locum tenens. Prefers six months or more. Address, C. A.-445, care LIVING CHURCH, Milwaukee, Wis.

MARRIED PRIEST, WITHOUT CHILDREN, desires work in community where wife can conveniently work for degree. Good experience. Especially successful with young people. Address, C-455, LIVING CHURCH, Milwaukee, Wis.

PRIEST, CATHOLIC CHURCHMAN, DESIRES change October 1st. Married, two children. B. S. degree from University of Minnesota. Two years' experience in rural work. R-447, LIVING CHURCH, Milwaukee, Wis.

PRIEST DESIRES CURACY OF NOT MORE THAN three missions. Minimum, fifteen hundred and rooms. Bishop commends. September. M-444, care of LIVING CHURCH, Milwaukee, Wis.

PRIEST-ORGANIST WISHES POSITION, MIXED or male choir. Thoroughly experienced and successful in training and organ work. Box F-452, LIVING CHURCH, Milwaukee, Wis.

PRIEST DESIRES SUPPLY WORK. AVAILABLE for next two months. Preacher, musical, willing to conform to established custom. Box D-453, LIVING CHURCH, Milwaukee, Wis.

PRIEST DESIRES POSITION AS ASSISTANT. Hard worker, musical, sound Churchman. Box G-451, LIVING CHURCH, Milwaukee, Wis.

FOR SALE—WOODEN SAINTS

From *St. Mark's Messenger* (Chicago) we take an auctioneer's ad, an answer to it and a comment on it:

The other day the rector received a letter from an auctioneering firm. In it, among other things, was the statement "we have a few nice wooden saints which we will sell to you cheap." The firm meant well. But the rector, in his letter of reply, said: "The market is already glutted with wooden saints. There are too many of them. And there are no nice 'wooden saints.' Wooden saints are both cheap

and intolerable. But I'll be interested in your stock of 'human' saints who are not only saintly but also have some sense of humor."

Why are there so many "wooden saints?" Goodness and "woodenness" are not even blood-relatives. Goodness is the highest quality of a human being; "woodenness" is the ordinary characteristic of a piece of board. It is beyond the ken of the writer why some good people want to change the "g" in good to the "w" as in wood.

One can be good without being dull. Most sensible people prefer the company of lively rascals to that of dull saints.

The "wooden" saint has few friends because he is cursed by the chronic disease of dullness. No wonder the auctioneer offers to sell them cheaply. We prefer, however, to give them away.

N. B. No reply has yet been received to the letter of the rector.

SOME SPOONERISMS

The Manchester Guardian regales its readers with a page of "Spoonerisms"—twisted expressions—named for Dr. Spooner, an Oxford don who is noted for such blunders:

It was Dr. Spooner who referred to "tearful chidings" of the evangelist. To the goodly company of which he is head there surely belong the preacher who, using as his text "Many are called," etc., appealed to his hearers to be among the "fosen chew"; the genial curate who informed an astonished congregation that "Rabaras was a bobber"; the vicar who in a funeral sermon described a confrere as one who had been a "shoving leopard" to his flock, and urged the aforesaid flock to respect his "merished chemory"; the dean who referred to the emotions of Jonah in the "bale's whelly"; the nervous layman who made the Scriptures say that it is easy for a camel to go through "the knee of an idol"; the archdeacon who hoped that the congregation would be filled with "fresh veal and new zigor"; and the pastor who warned his hearers that there is no peace in the home where "a dinner swells."

USE AND ABUSE

Particular eaters and dieticians should note this one and singular abuse which the human stomach will not endure. It is described in A Parable of Safed the Sage in the *Christian Century*:

I sat with two men at Luncheon, and they pondered long over the Bill of Fare. And they debated as to what was good for them and what was not, and how many Calories this food had and whether it would agree with something else. And I made short work of it, for I looked for what I thought would taste good, and ate it with a Thankful Heart.

And I went on my way and was happy. But as we journeyed they marvelled within themselves.

And they said, How is it that thou givest thine order so Casually, and eatest so at Random?

And I said, I have learned with Saint Paul to eat and ask no questions, and with the dear Lord Jesus to take little thought if any what I shall eat.

And they began to count up my Calories and to tell me my faults.

And they said, Tell us what thou eatest and we will tell thee what thou art.

And I said, Not on your lives. Ye see me as I am and know not what I have eaten. Whether I eat or drink I do all to the Glory of God by eating it and forgetting it, and using my strength in Service and in Joy.

And they said, The Human Stomach is not constructed to endure such abuse as thou givest it.

And I said, Forget it. I do not abuse my Human Stomach. I eat Moderately and I never Overeat. I imitate my friends, the old Greek Philosophers, by rising from the table Capable but not Desirous. And I can trust my Normal Appetite to select from such food as is before me that which will best meet the conditions of my Body and Mind. But if ye speak of Abuse, I will tell you this. The Human Stomach is made to endure without much complaint all kinds of Abuse but one.

And they asked, What is that one and singular Abuse which the Human Stomach will not endure?

And I said, The one Abuse which the Human Stomach will not endure is Watching. The most digestible meal can be made indigestible by watching it and wondering if it will digest.

And they said, Thou lookest like a healthy man for thy years, albeit thou art such a Heretick in the matter of Dieteticks. Dost thou eat anything and everything?

And I said, Everything but Health-foods.

TO A LOVELORN EDITOR

There's a good laugh now and then in being a love-lorn editor, Miss Afton Wynn, the "Cynthia Grey" of *Memphis Press-Scimitar*, says. On Aug. 3 she received the following letter:

"Abbeville, Miss.

"My Dear Miss Grey:

"My wife left home with a roving guitar player and singer the other day. She will return a wise woman. No one is hunting her, as this is a free country. She is 27 years old, and knows what she wants. My blessing goes with her for her safety.

"DESERTED HUSBAND."

On Aug. 4 Miss Wynn received the following special delivery letter marked "RUSH!":

"Abbeville, Miss.

"My Dear Miss Grey:

"The piece from Abbeville—don't put it in the paper. She has come home.

"F. M. P."

HOW EXPLAIN IT?

In the *New York Times* for September 23rd, we find this lament by the Rev. Dr. John Falconer Frazer of the Central Baptist Church at Ninety-second Street, New York. The Rev. Doctor is, evidently, chagrined at the lack of attendance at his church on Sunday mornings.

Dr. Frazer, recalling the crowded churches of a generation ago in New York, declared that the real test has come today, when things have changed and the Sabbath is no longer considered a day wholly to be devoted to worship.

"It is beside the mark," he said, "to compare church attendance today in its comparative bearing on churchgoing fifty years ago. In those days Manhattan was just an overgrown city at the height of the Victorian conventions, and Brooklyn was a series of small towns with blue laws operating in the absence of moving picture shows, automobiles and other rapid transit devices.

"Religion is being tested under modern conditions as

it never was when Sunday crowds had little occasion to go anywhere else except to church. In all probability the days of the crowded church are over forever, excepting sporadic cases, but that is no occasion for despair for the outlook of better churches and more consistent living among professing Christians. Although the principle does not always apply, yet it is the rule that the most helpful and consistent Christians are to be found among those who are most faithful in their church attendance."

In the same edition of the *Times* we glimpse this excerpt from the sermon of the Rev. Father Laherty of St. Ignatius Church, Park Ave. and Eighty-fourth Street. He was, evidently, speaking of the attendance at the different Catholic churches of the great city.

"In order to have an idea of the immensity of the city's soul one must multiply the glimpse one gets in church on Sunday by the number of churches in the city. It is only when we have done it that we are astounded by the largeness of the soul of the city's millions."

NO CURFEW FOR GRANDMAS

According to the *Detroit News* the probation officer of Placer Co., California, is through in his endeavor to enforce the law:

L. J. Kinney, probation officer of Placer county, Cal., is through censoring dances to enforce an ordinance limiting attendance at public dances to persons over 28 years old after midnight.

Kinney says he recently tapped a dancing damsel on the shoulder and asked her if she knew about the law. She led him to the dressing room, where two young babes were sleeping on a cot.

"Those are my grandchildren," she informed him.

OLD SAFETY RAZOR BLADES

The *New York Evening Post* quotes a letter from one of the subscribers of the *Lyttleton* (New Zealand) *Times* on the distressing problem of how to dispose of old safety razor blades. The editor of the *Post* appends his own comment:

"The following may be of interest to those who are troubled that way: Get a small round cover-top glass jar; wash thoroughly; get a pound of ordinary copper sulphate, or blue vitriol. Fill jar with water and add a few more crystals of copper sulphate than the water will dissolve; cut a piece of blotting paper to fit tightly in the screw top, and dip it in paraffin and while still hot place it in the cover.

"After it has cooled pierce a slot just large enough to allow the type of blade you use to pass through. Thin blades dropped in this solution will completely dissolve in forty-eight hours. Thicker ones will take a correspondingly longer time. The solution is harmless unless taken internally."

Well, it might work in New Zealand, but any American, after going to all that trouble to make a liquid concoction, would drink it.

IS IT WORTH WHILE?

How often has the query been put to us: "Do the Chinese missionaries get results?" The Rt. Rev. Monsignor F. X. Ford, Prefect Apostolic of the Maryknoll Mission in Southern China affords us a conclusive reply:

"Catholic missions have concentrated, not on converting pagans, not on spectacular methods of advertising, not on many activities that are dazzling and transitory, but on the

building of a vast breastwork of seminaries and convents in mission lands, with parochial schools and colleges to stimulate vocations. They have dotted the mission map with 300 seminaries, where 10,000 seminarians are preparing to take up the work of evangelizing their own flesh and blood. They have already in the field 4,500 native priests, 832 Brothers, and over 17,812 native Sisters. These are helped by 80,000 trained native teachers and catechists.

"This is a marvelous result. It means that there is one vocation from every four hundred families on the mission field. If we at home did as well in offering our children to God's work, many problems would be solved.

"I think you will agree with me that a work which has produced 12,000,000 converts, and is fast coming to the stage where there will be enough native priests to care for the Catholics and to release foreign missionaries for labors exclusively among pagans, is eminently worth while."

"HARLEQUIN IS DEAD"

Alfred Noyes, the poet, makes merry at the expense of the modern school of poetry in his new book, *The Return of the Scarecrow*. Here, for example, is a stanza from one of his imitations:

My stockings once were pink.
Let all the ladders rip!
Let tears, like candles, drip!
My heart's a skating-rink
Where gnats go round and round,
Like spelling-bees in hell,
Making a grass-green sound,
Since the grey cricket said
(What is that pale blue smell?)
Harlequin is dead.

"THE LIGHT OF MANY CENTURIES"

Though the following editorial from the *Herald Tribune* of New York is somewhat belated in these columns its excellence cannot be doubted. It was printed a few days after the solemn exit of the Pope from the Vatican and should be preserved.

The bells of 400 churches rang when the Pope emerged from the Vatican on Thursday, the first Pope to leave that voluntary prison since the Kingdom of Italy annexed Rome nearly 60 years ago. Some of those churches stand on foundations that date back to the days before there was a Pope, before messengers had brought a new gospel from Galilee, and others are shining and new. Rome is a city that mingles all the centuries.

So, in the impressive ceremony which marked the reconciliation of Church and State in Italy the Swiss Guards stood by in the plumed helmets and gay costumes designed by Michael Angelo nearly 400 years ago. The Pope was carried on a podium which was a reproduction of one designed by Bellini three centuries ago. Bellini's great colonnade was hung with tapestries presented by Napoleon after his coronation a century and a quarter ago. Part of the ceremony recalled an era many centuries older than Michael Angelo. But when the Pope knelt in the final rites, electric spotlights threw his venerable figure into high relief, and throughout the proceedings Italian police planes patrolled the air to keep intrusive "movie" men from photographing a ceremony which the officials of the Vatican wished viewed only from the ground.

There is a similar contrast in the very existence of the little state of the city of the Vatican. It is not a restoration of the old territorial sovereignty; the whole state is

only as large as a small farm, less than 109 acres. It is, in fact, virtually only the Vatican within which the Popes have lived for seventy years, plus the surrounding grounds, and certain basilicas and monasteries farther away. Even within this tiny empire the lay state of Italy provides water, railway communication, telephone, telegraph, radio and postal services. A strange restoration of a mediæval state which so carefully specifies both radio, telephone and ordinary radio service! But the Papacy is used to contradictions; its history is studied with them. It was fitting that 10,000 candles should flicker in St. Peter's Square while spotlights flared and airplanes buzzed overhead; for the accord which the ceremony celebrated was itself a blend of old traditions and new, and the strength of the Catholic Church has ever been its ability to adapt its ancient ways to the changing centuries.

THE EDITOR'S SONG

This chant from *The Presbyterian Advance* contains the sentiments of every editor of every age:

If you have a tale to tell,
Boil it down!
Write it out and write it well,
Being careful how you spell;
Send the kernel, keep the shell;
Boil it down! Boil it down!

If you want the world to know,
Boil it down!
If you have good cause to crow;
If you'd tell how churches grow,
Whence you came or where you go,
Boil it down! Boil it down!

Then, when all the job is done,
Boil it down!
If you want to share our fun,
Know just how a paper's run,
Day by day, from sun to sun,
Boil it down! Boil it down!

When there's not a word to spare
Boil it down!
Heave a sigh and lift a prayer,
Stamp your foot and tear your hair,
Then begin again with care—
Boil it down! Boil it down!

When, all done, you send it in,
We'll boil it down.
Where you end, there we begin;
This is our besetting sin;
With a scowl or with a grin,
We'll boil it down; boil it down.

WHALE'S TAILS

A special dispatch to the New York *World* assures us that the wealthy Chinese will have all the finishings for their Thanksgiving dinners.

TACOMA, Wash., Sept. 21—Well-to-do Chinese are assured of meat for holiday time this winter. The Thanksgiving turkey over there is whale's tail. This week the Asaba Maru left here for the Orient with 200 tons of salted whale tails in her cargo.

The tail shafts of the great ocean mammals were collected at various whaling stations in Bering Sea and along the Alaska Coast during the summer. They are considered a delicacy in China and have become an important article of commerce of the whaling industry.

A Pilgrimage to Mount Carmel

"A GARDEN ON A BEAUTIFUL HILL"

HERE were only two more days left to me in Palestine. The question arose, should I go to Mount Thabor or to Mount Carmel? The Franciscan Fathers in Nazareth where I was staying tried hard to persuade me that it would be an unforgivable sin if I left Palestine without having seen Mount Thabor with its new basilica (built by American money, so they told me!). But I had always wanted to visit the famous mountain of Carmel, and finally I informed the good Franciscans that Thabor would just have to wait until I returned to Palestine another year, and set off from Nazareth to Haifa in an old Buick automobile driven by an Arab and containing four other passengers besides myself, not to mention a vast amount of baggage roped on behind, before, around both sides and stowed away in whatever odd corners were left vacant inside the car itself!

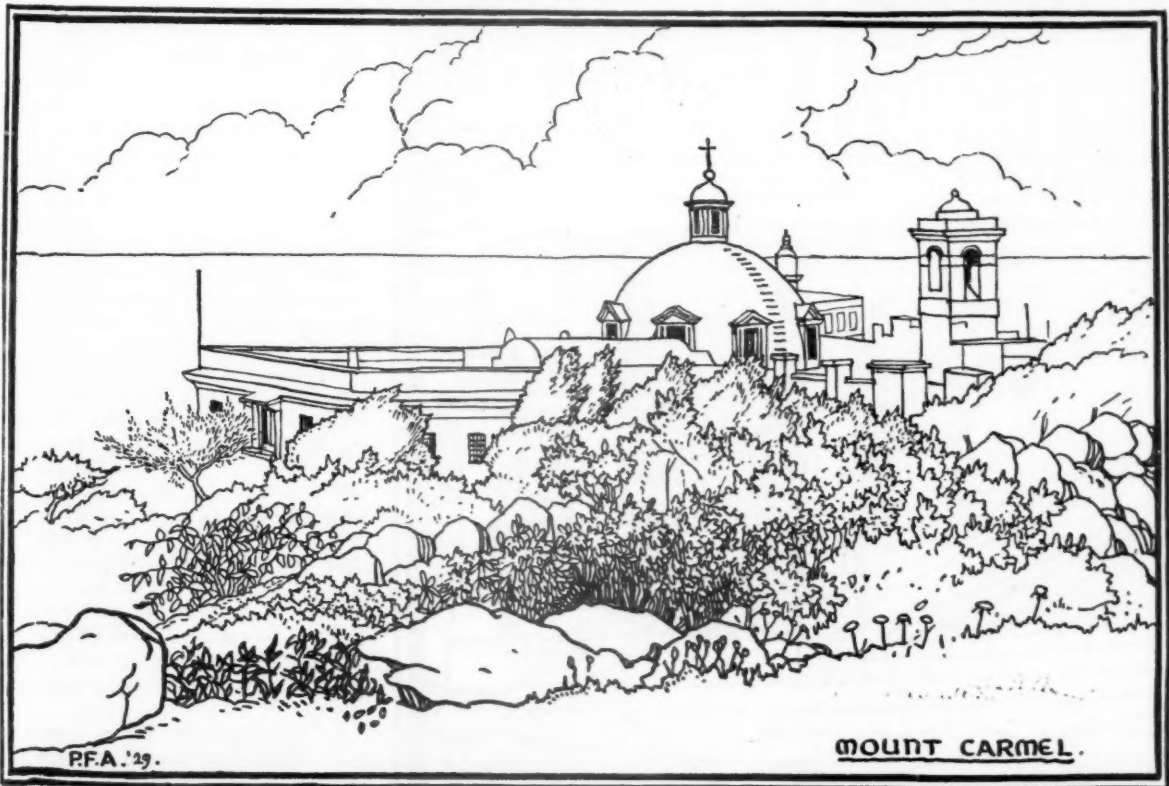
By PETER F. ANSON
Etchings by the Author

We dashed along at a mad pace: Arabs are good drivers if somewhat reckless. We seemed to cover the twenty-three miles in very little time and I was soon deposited in the main square of Haifa and told that I must find another conveyance of some sort to take me up to the monastery of Mount Carmel which is about two miles from Haifa. After some enquiry and bargaining I arranged with the driver of a Ford, which had seen better days, to take me as far as the hospice for pilgrims which adjoins the monastery. We reached it in about ten minutes and here I was warmly welcomed by the old Father who acts as guest master.

Mount Carmel is really a chain of mountains, not an individual peak. It is about fifteen miles long and runs from the northwest to the south-

east. At one end it touches the sea coast, just south of the town of Haifa. Here it rises abruptly six hundred feet above the Mediterranean. At its highest point, overlooking the plain of Esdraelon, it reaches a height of seventeen hundred feet. The word Carmel has various meanings; the most common being "a garden on a beautiful hill" which exactly describes the character of the whole mountain.

It was the prophet Elias who gave to Carmel the fame which it has since enjoyed. According to the most ancient traditions Elias lived on the slopes of the mountain in one of the large caverns, now known as the "School of the Prophets," with a band of disciples. In these days it belonged to the Mohammedans who have a great veneration for Elias. They use the grotto as a mosque and have dedicated it to *el Khodr*, "the Living One," for according to the Bible Elias never died but was as-





HIGH ALTAR ABOVE THE GROTTA OF ELIAS

sumed into Heaven. The place where Elias overthrew the prophets of Baal and where fire came down from heaven to consume the sacrifice which he had prepared to Jehovah, the one true God, is at the other end of the mountain towards the southeast.

During succeeding centuries Mount Carmel continued to be a place of prayer and sacrifice for those of other religions besides the Jews. We read that about 200 B. C., Pythagoras, the philosopher, often went to mediate "in the sacred place of Carmel." At another time we hear that sacrifices to Jupiter were offered here, and Tacitus tells us that it was the actual mountain itself which was venerated as a god. Josephus writes that in his time the mountain belonged to the Tyrians and was a great centre for all manner of pagan superstitions.

It is not until the sixth century, A. D., that we have reference to Mt. Carmel as a Christian sanctuary, when there seems to have been a monastery here dedicated to Eliseus the prophet. From that time onwards until the Crusaders, there were always hermits living in the caves and grottoes which cover the slopes of the mountain. In the year 1212 after the fall of Jerusalem the hermits of the Latin rite were formed into a definite community by St. Brochard who succeeded St. Berthold as the first Latin Prior on Mount Carmel. It was St. Brochard who petitioned Albert, patriarch of Jerusalem, to draw up a rule for the hermits which should enable them to live in common according to the spirit which had been handed down for so many centuries by generations of anchorites and solitaries. And from this time onwards the Carmelite Order began to spread all over Europe. Again and again during the next seven hundred years was the monastery attacked by the Moslems, the Religious put to death, or obliged to flee. The same story is repeated with varying details almost every century until the year 1827 when Brother John Baptist of Frascati laid the foundation stone of the actual monastery standing today: the mother house of the whole Carmelite Order.

Yet even now the Friars were not safe. Their new assailants were the German Lutherans who had started a colony at Haifa. They attacked the monastery, assaulted the Friars and tried hard by every means in

their power to obtain possession of the holy mountain. The Friars sought the aid of the law, but would have probably lost their case for want of funds, had not an appeal been opened in the New York *Freeman's Journal*, which resulted in the sum of 1,000 dollars being subscribed on behalf of the community of Mount Carmel. During the Great War the monastery was occupied by troops and the church closed for several years, only being reopened again on the feast of St. Joseph, 1919.

There is now a flourishing community of Religious on Carmel and students of all nationalities are to be found here on the holy mountain doing their studies in theology and living their lives of prayer and contemplation apart from the busy world with little to disturb them but the murmur of the waves that break on the shore some 500 feet below.

There can be but few monasteries in the world which occupy such a wonderful position as that of Mount Carmel with its unbroken views on almost every side. To the south lie the ruins of the old Crusader city of Athlit, *Castrum Perigrinorum*, Castle of the Pilgrims, built by the Templars in 1218 for the protection of Christians. To the north on the

far side of the great curving bay is the city of Acre captured by Richard Coeur de Lion in 1191. Beyond Acre the coast stretches away to the white cliffs known as the Ladder of Tyre which form the natural boundary between Palestine and Syria. On a clear day to the northeast can be made out the distant snow-covered mountains of Hermon.

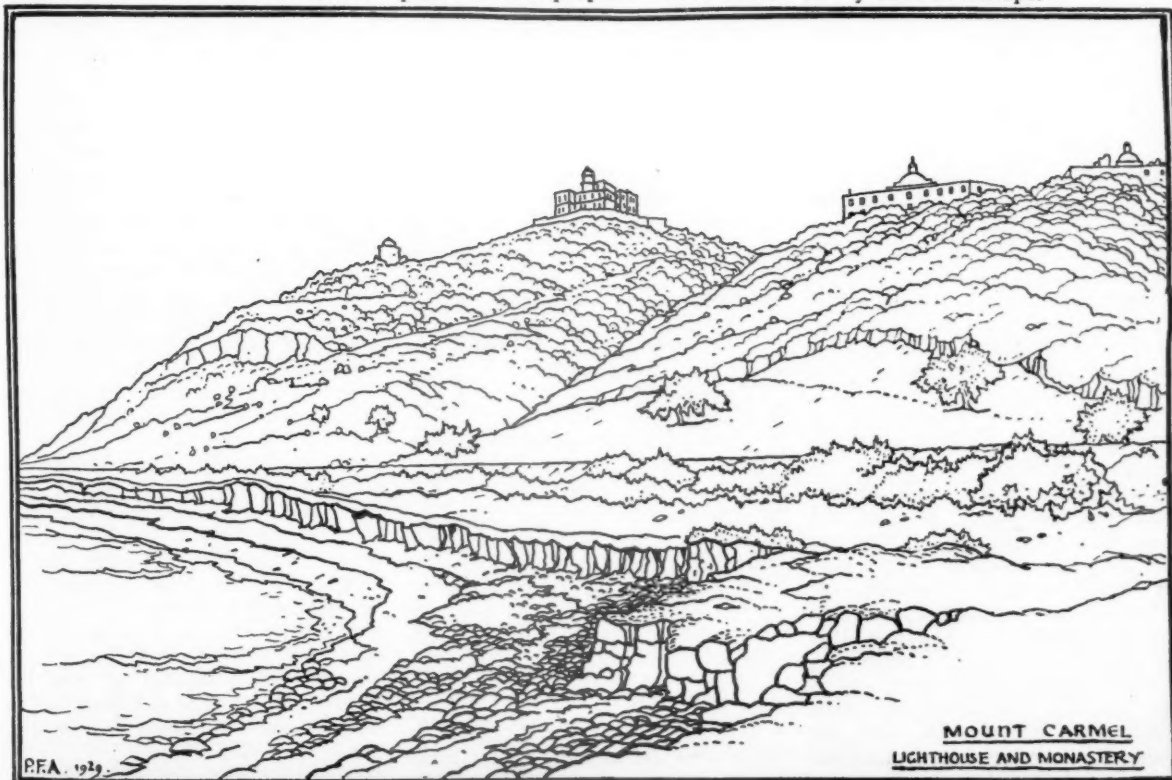
THE SKETCH, taken from the south side of the convent, gives an idea of the solid fortress-like character of its architecture. Even until recently monasteries in Palestine were always in danger of being attacked by brigands or pirates and it was essential that they should be capable of being defended. And that of Mount Carmel is no exception as the Prior explained to me as he pointed out the hole through which boiling oil could be poured down on to the heads of any uninvited who attempted to scale the walls!

The church occupies the centre of this vast square building and is surmounted by a dome. Between the two flights of steps which lead up to the sanctuary is the entrance to the Grotto of Elias which, according to tradition, was the actual dwelling place of the prophet. Above the

high altar stands the famous image of Our Lady of Mount Carmel, brought here from Genoa in 1835, after having been kept twelve years in Rome until the church of Mount Carmel should be ready to receive it, during which period several remarkable miracles were performed through the special intercession of Our Lady under this title.

No more delightful spot in which to spend a few days can be imagined than the hospice, "Stella Maris," which stands opposite the monastery and which serves the double purpose of being a lighthouse as well as a hospice for pilgrims. At night time the brilliant light flashes over the Mediterranean and can be seen for more than fifteen miles away.

Such then is Mount Carmel, the scene of so many wonders in the life of the prophet Elias and the cradle and mother house of the venerable Order of Carmelites. After two days spent there I had to leave for Beyrout to catch the steamer for Constantinople, and it was with real regret that I said goodbye to the Father Vicar, Fr. Francis Lamb, formerly Provincial of the Carmelites in England, and found myself motor-ing down the slopes of the mountain on my back to Europe.



MOUNT CARMEL
LIGHTHOUSE AND MONASTERY

A Marriage of Convenience

BETWEEN PHILLIPE MELLUN AND GABRIELLE BESSAUX

"IT is arranged," M. Bessaux told his wife after his return from seeing his old friend Paul Mellun. She knew, only too well, what he meant. Since Phillipe Mellun and Gabrielle Bessaux had been children the two fathers had understood one another over the matter, and the marriage of this son and daughter had been a foregone conclusion. Madame Bessaux realized that argument was useless. How often had she pointed out that Phillipe was wild, that he had already disgraced his family, that his associates were not fit acquaintances for Gabrielle, that, in short, by marrying her to this young scapegrace they were imperilling their daughter's happiness, if not her eternal welfare! The self-willed man simply swept her objections aside. Now she could only plead for time.

"She is so young, Henri," she said. He shrugged his shoulders. "If we wait—who knows?—she may refuse. Young women have ideas of their own nowadays. In our time these things were ordered for us and we obeyed."

To the mother there was something revolting in the contemplated union. She thought of Gabrielle—frail, delicately nurtured, fresh from the Convent School—bound for life to that gay, irresponsible youth. She had persuaded herself that Phillipe was not bad at heart, else, cost what it might, she could never have consented, but it was undeniable that his ideas were altogether different from those with which her daughter had been brought up.

And Gabrielle herself? What would you? She was little more than a child. Phillipe was handsome. He made her presents. His laughter drove away all fears. Besides, was it not for her to obey? This was how life was managed. Looking at her finely moulded features, her girlish beauty, you might think this was the argument of weakness, that she took the line of least resistance. But you would be mistaken. It is true she had the appearance of a frail spring flower, but, like the flower, her roots went down into soil

By JAMES B. VELANTS

that held her, gave her strength and poise. That purity, so obvious in every movement, had its source in something deeper than ignorance. The influence of the Convent might be largely subconscious at present, but, faithfully guarded, time and trial would prove its power. When you looked into her clear, unsophisticated eyes, their simplicity abashed you. But you also felt that she had the makings of a heroine.

Yet it did not seem as though heroic qualities would be called for in the life she shared with Phillipe. The Mellun family was well off. Gabrielle had brought with her a considerable *dot*. There was little need for anxiety on that score. The young husband was proud of his graceful, dark-eyed bride. And she, in her inexperience, found the world to which she was introduced an exciting place. Days, weeks, months passed in a companionship that, for her, was all happiness. But that honest soul of hers could not help occasionally seeing beneath the surface and noting things which displeased her.

"I do not like M. Brian," she remarked one day concerning one of her husband's friends.

"Why?" he asked.

"I do not know," was the simple reply. "I do not think he is sincere."

"You are prejudiced. He would do anything for me," he said.

"No," firmly; "I have—what d'you call it?—an intuition."

He laughed. "A girlish fancy," was his comment.

She made other similar discoveries. The veil which hid the gay world in which she moved was wearing thin in places. Increasingly she saw through it. Her discernment in these cases arose from no precocious wisdom but from the sheer simplicity of her own nature. It is not only true that the pure of heart see God; they are given special powers of insight with regard to the character of their fellows.

There was, however, one case in which love did to some extent make

her blind. Phillipe was still to her the honorable gentleman which she had at first imagined him. In her innocence she accepted all the excuses which from time to time he made for phases of his conduct that puzzled her. An artist friend gave them tickets for admission to an Exhibition he was holding, and when she went and found the pictures of the decadent kind, it needed no strong arguments on her husband's part to convince her that he had been ignorant of the artist's tendencies. When passers-by of an obviously questionable character saluted him familiarly in public, his assertion that they were presuming on the very slightest acquaintance needed only to be made in order to be believed. That her husband could deceive her was something too dreadful to contemplate. Yet, sooner or later, this shock had to come. It came in this fashion.

PHILLIPE had pleaded business in the country as the reason for absence from home, and it happened that during this absence she had occasion to visit a part of Paris to which she but rarely went. To her amazement she saw, across the road, seated at a café with a woman companion, none other than her husband. In a kind of stupefaction she hurried on, anxious to be by herself to think. Perhaps if she had been more mistress of herself she would have crossed the road and confronted him then and there. But she was shaken to the center of her being and the idea of a public "scene" was utterly abhorrent.

When on the next day he returned, still keeping up the pretense of having been in the provinces, she let him know of her discovery. At first he tried to laugh it off, saying that she must have been mistaken, that evidently he had a double, that he thought she knew him better than to mistake another man for her own husband, and so forth.

She listened with statuesque calmness, and when he had finished remained silent, looking at him reproachfully. Under that gaze he faltered, began to repeat his former banter and then stopped.

"I am certain of what I say," she declared.

There was no meeting the calm assurance of her voice. The paleness of her face gave her words emphasis. He saw that it was needful to change his tactics. He had been standing beside her. He now sank indolently onto a chair and lit a cigarette. It was in a little room she reserved for her own private use.

"My dear," he said, "your convent-bred notions won't work in this world. You expect your husband to be a saint, and because he isn't you assume an injured air."

"I never thought you a saint, Philippe," she answered, "but I did think you spoke the truth."

"Truth!" he mocked, flicking the ash from his cigarette. "Do you still believe in that old-fashioned virtue?"

And then this inexperienced girl had a flash of insight which would have done credit to a practiced diplomat.

"That is not your real self which is speaking, Philippe. You are not as bad as your words would suggest. You are copying the old, cynical men you mix with."

It was true. The youth was weak. He wanted to be taken for a man of the world. Good at heart, he had been led astray by his elders and aped their manner. But it was a mask only. Light-hearted, irresponsible he might be, but not evil. For a moment, in the flash-light of her insight, he saw himself a poor, shifty creature and was ashamed. Gabrielle had conquered for the time being, and he came to her, humbled and contrite.

"I think," he said, "you are right." Before she could reply, he had walked from the room.

She had the instinct which knows when to be satisfied with a victory without pursuing it further.

VICTORY it was, but not the final one. There were influences at work in her husband's life of which she knew nothing. She had asked no questions as to the woman in whose company she had found him preferring to leave the matter now to his own conscience. Unfortunately those who found his youth and perverse desire to be ranked a man of the world an easy means of seducing him from the paths of virtue, and his comparative wealth a strong inducement to work their will with him were not inclined to abandon their prey. When they

discovered his changed attitude, they insidiously suggested that he was being controlled by the old-fashioned notions of one who knew nothing of the world. Scornful remarks were made in his hearing concerning "priest-ridden women." Once he caught a reference the "convent-bred type of girl who is egged on by the priest to convert her husband" and the idea of being the subject of a plot made him wince. He saw Gabrielle as the tool of some designing ecclesiastic and repented of having allowed himself to be overcome by her so easily. Not that the reaction against her influence was sudden. You must give him the credit of resisting those who sought to undo her work, and believe that, after his fashion, he did really love her. I have said that he was not bad at heart, only weak.

But though there was no sudden relapse, there was gradual deterioration, and, as so often happens with those who reform and then return to their former ways, his last state was worse than the first. He was now quite frequently absent from home for unexplained reasons. A climax was inevitable. It took a particularly serious form.

"The Night Caps" was the name given to a Club consisting largely of those hangers-on of the theater who may be found in any large city. At least, that was its original character. At the time of which I am speaking it had, however, become the resort of Parisian night-birds of the worst sort. Card-sharps, gamblers of various kinds and their women-folk were its most frequent habitués. Among the strange assortment of humanity meeting in its exotic atmosphere were not a few known to the police as professional criminals. It was to arrest one of these that, on the night of April 3rd, 1912, the gendarmes entered the building. A scuffle followed. Furniture was flung over, the floor was littered with broken glasses, shreds of torn garments and packs of cards. But the most serious result of the affray was the murder of one of the police engaged in the raid. On the evidence of M. Brian, Philippe Mellun was arrested and charged with the crime. The arrest took place the next day at his home, and Gabrielle was a witness of it. Her worst fears were now realized.

The lawyer engaged for his defense visited her and his countenance

was sufficient to inform her of the seriousness of the case. The chief witness for the prosecution was M. Brian, and his assertions were so definite and dogmatic that there was little hope of securing the prisoner's release unless—

The Advocate, when he reached that point, paused and looked into her eyes. Would Madame, he asked, be prepared to swear to an *alibi*. In that case, there might be some hope. To himself he added that the appearance in the witness-box of this beautiful woman would be, apart from anything she might say, a powerful factor in his client's favor.

Gabrielle stood motionless and silent. For a moment it seemed as though she might faint. The strained look in her eyes was terrible to see. A very Queen of Tragedy she appeared.

"**I**S IT SO—so serious as that?" her parched lips managed to say.

"Swear that, at the time, he was here at home with you," was the reply uttered with conviction, "and you will be believed. Otherwise I cannot answer for the result. His life is in your hands."

"But it would be a lie," she faltered.

The man of law spread out his hands. The gesture was eloquent of contempt for such trivial things as consciences.

"So, rather than say the little word that would save him, you will see your husband die?"

The word "die" acted like an electric shock. She saw the scene—her Philippe mounting the scaffold, sent there by his wife's quixotic veracity—and visibly wavered. The Advocate pressed his advantage, using all the tact he possessed.

"I respect Madame's sense of honor," he said gravely; "but there are occasions when a higher duty, that of a wife to her husband, for instance, dispenses one from scruples of that kind."

At any other time the fallacy of his reasoning would have been obvious to her at once. She would have known instinctively that he was wrong. But she was too shaken to think calmly, and what he said sounded plausible. After all, she argued, scrupulosity is a danger as well as falsehood. Still, she did not give way.

"I cannot," she said.

Then the tempter tried another form of strategy.

"If I believed that M. Mellun was guilty of the crime, I would not ask you to do this," he pleaded. "But I have reason to think (though it is no such reason as can be put before the Court) that Mr. Brian is himself the guilty party. In swearing to an *alibi*, therefore, you would only be giving the Court sufficient excuse for performing an act of justice. It is not true that he was with you at the time of the raid, but it is true that he did not commit this murder, and your statement will simply establish the greater truth at the expense of the latter. Think! If he goes to his death"—here again the word "death" administered a shock—"a grave injustice will have been done, an injustice from which you could have saved the Court."

HE MADE one last desperate effort and in doing so descended from questions of principle to a lower platform.

"But even if I went into the witness-box and did as you suggest, should I be believed?" she asked. "Many must have seen him present when the raid took place."

"As a matter of fact," was the calm answer, "he had only just arrived, and in the confusion was, I imagine, scarcely observed. I can easily silence any who did see him."

Gabrielle's physical and moral strength were gone. Out of sheer weakness she submitted. Bowing her head, she murmured, "Be it as you will."

It was a pale Gabrielle who, a little later, stood in the witness-box and looked across at her husband seated in the dock, gendarmes on either side of him.

"On the night of April 3rd you were at home, Madame Mellun? asked the Counsel for the Defense.

"I was," came in a whisper from the witness.

"Where were you at 1.30 a. m., the next morning?"

"At home."

"And awake?"

"And awake."

Would you mind telling the Court whether at that time your husband was in the house?"

There was a pause. The Judge stopped rubbing his glasses and looked at the fragile figure of the prisoner's wife. The jury leaned forward and scrutinized her face.

The Advocate who had questioned waited with calm assurance for the answer. Everybody was aware that the crucial point in the trial had been reached. The silence was tense.

As if made of marble, Gabrielle Mellun stood erect, her eyes fixed on Phillipe, her lips pressed together. Then her lips parted and the breathless auditors heard her say, as if in some trance, "He was not in the house."

"You swear it?"

"I swear it."

"Do you know where he was?"

"I do not."

At that stage the limit of her powers was reached and she collapsed. The battle for truth, for honor had been fought and won. The rest was in God's hands. To do her part and leave the consequence to Him had been the thought which had nerved her for that terrible moment when she recanted the promise wrung from her in weakness, and now that that moment was over the strength that had sustained her snapped.

But the trial was not yet finished. M. Dumond, the Counsel for the Defense, had one more card to play. Clutched in the fist of the murdered man were a few threads of an evening scarf. It was obvious that the scarf to which they had belonged had been worn by the unknown assailant. It was to answer questions on this point that Madame Mellun, having recovered from her faint, was recalled to the witness stand.

There was something particularly impressive in her appearance as she took her place once more. An impression as of something unearthly was conveyed by the large dark eyes set in the pale face. The most obtuse must have sensed something of the spirit of this martyr for truth. A hush passed over the Court as she stood up. That hush implied more than respect for a tortured woman; it implied reverence for heroic honesty.

M. Dumond held up the few threads on which it might be said that literally the prisoner's life depended.

"Do you recognize these?" he asked.

"No!" was the unhesitating answer.

"Look at them closely! Has your husband any article of clothing from which they might have come?"

Again: "No!"

"You are certain?"

"I am certain."

"Thank you. That will do."

Those who were present will long remember the brilliant defense which the Advocate made at the end of the evidence. Especially will they recall the conclusion of his review of the case.

"We come now," he said, "to the question of the fragment torn from the person of the murderer and held in the dead man's grasp. I should not attach much importance to Madame Mellun's answers to my questions on this point, nor would you, but for her previous conduct in this case. A wife might well profess ignorance where knowledge would incriminate her husband. The majority of wives, under those circumstances, would swear to anything. But we cannot say that of the woman who has faced you in this Court. We know from her refusal to support the theory of an *alibi* that she would not tell a lie even to save the man who is dearer to her than herself. When she said that she could not recognize these shreds of clothing, you knew—all who heard her knew—that she spoke with absolute sincerity. Having this evidence of her inability to bear false witness, we are compelled to believe her when her testimony is in the prisoner's favor. And that testimony establishes the fact that the person from whom these shreds were snatched at the moment of the assault was not my client."

APPARENTLY the jury thought so, too, for they returned a verdict of "Not Guilty!"

I hesitate to lift the curtain on that scene, ever memorable in the lives of both, when the released Phillipe took his happy, sobbing wife in his arms. What he said then is too sacred for print. The convent-bred girl whose scruples had kindled his merriment and ire had proved a heroine, and those very scruples it was which had saved his life.

That trial was the beginning of a new life for Phillipe Mellun—a life in which he cast off the mask of cynical worldliness and dared to be his own true-hearted self. He had his battles to fight, as we all have. But he had Gabrielle by his side and with her help and the grace of God he was able to conquer his past and to prove worthy of the woman who, by what seemed so perverse an arrangement, had become his wife.

The Autobiography of an Embryo

SET FORTH IN FOUR CHAPTERS

No. 1. A ROMANTIC CHILDHOOD

By THEODORE MAYNARD

MY LIFE, in its full sense, began in my twenty-third year with my reception into the Catholic Church. Nothing that has occurred since that date is brought into this story which is concerned only with what is so to speak an embryonic existence.

Part of this ground has been already covered in a series of articles I wrote a couple of years ago for the *Catholic World*; but I shall retell only such facts as are essential to the sequence of the account. Most of the detail will be new.

I do not say that every incident related here is directly connected with my conversion to the Catholic Faith. But it is all part of a life which from the outset was (as I see now) being prepared for a certain spiritual happening. The bearing of this or that circumstance upon that eventual crisis must generally be far more obvious to me than it can be to anyone else; but, on the other hand, I am willing to believe that other people may be able to see a psychological importance that escapes me in some of the things I have to tell. It would be ridiculous to be instructive except in the sense that everything is instructive to a wise man. A humbler hope is more fitting: that some entertainment will be found in what I have to say.

BETWEEN forty and fifty years ago, during the famous evangelistic tour of Messrs. Moody and Sankey in England, a group of well-born and wealthy young men were converted. Among them was one of the most famous cricketers in England. He had made a great name for himself at Cambridge University, and played subsequently for Middlesex and in the test matches against the Australians. But in his new religious enthusiasm he determined to throw everything else up and to become a missionary. His name is Charles Studd. He is still working as a missionary in Africa. His brother is Sir Kynaston Studd, now Lord Mayor of London. They and their father, a well-known owner of

race-horses, were among the most distinguished of D. L. Moody's converts.

When I was a boy I met Charles Studd several times, and regarded him with superstitious awe for his prowess at cricket. I did not know until long afterwards of the part that he had played in the career of my father.

Upon leaving England Charles Studd went out to work with that really remarkable man, the late Hudson Taylor, the founder of the Chinese Inland Mission. And he offered him no less a sum than a hundred thousand pounds. This, most surprisingly, Hudson Taylor refused to accept—I cannot imagine why, unless he was afraid that so large an endowment would involve the danger of stagnation. The great cricketer had, therefore, to look around for another man who would not be so squeamish. He was determined to disembarass himself of his wealth.

The man who took his money was Judge Tucker, who had just resigned his position on the bench in India in order to devote himself to the work of the Salvation Army. He is now known as Commissioner Booth-Tucker, for upon marrying a daughter of General William Booth he tacked on, as did the other sons-in-law of the "General," his wife's name to his own. His mind was blazing with an idea for which he needed money.

The idea was this: Would it not be possible to repeat the success gained by the methods employed by Fathers De Nobili, Breschi and the other Jesuit missionaries in India during the seventeenth century? He realized how hard it was to Christianize the natives of that country. His imagination was stirred by what he had read of De Nobili and his companions. He was convinced that they had had the correct solution of the problem; and he saw no reason why he should not steal a page of their book. Charles Studd was easily convinced, and endowed the scheme.

The early Jesuit missionaries had

addressed themselves directly to the Brahmin, or priestly caste; for they had seized upon the fact that if the Brahmins could be won to the Faith, there would be no difficulty in bringing over the rest of the people as a body. They also saw that it was useless to make a direct assault upon the Hindu religion. So they dressed as religious devotees; were punctilious about ceremonial washings and the wearing of the sacred cord and the caste marks, and the thousand and one minute details of Hindu observance. So, adapting themselves to the framework and the terminology of Brahminism, they made thousands of converts by gradually insinuating the Catholic creed. These converts, it should be remembered, were all among the high caste that no other missionaries have been able to affect to any appreciable extent. To this day there are several Christian cities in India, whose inhabitants are descended from De Nobili's converts, where the exclusiveness of caste is still more or less observed.

The "Malabar Rites" as they were called, were protested against by Dominican and other missionaries, and were condemned by Rome. De Nobili and his associates were most zealous men, but their methods had an incontestable tinge of deceit. They made no false pretenses, but it is easy to see that they were in grave danger of putting themselves in a false position. The toleration of caste—though it was only a temporary expedient designed to lead on to the conquest of the whole body of the people—was opposed to the universality of the Gospel; and the toleration of certain harmless features in Hindu ritual might, so it was feared, lead on to the actual toleration of things that were positively pagan.

Commissioner Booth-Tucker imagined that he could pull the thing off a second time. He should have understood that it was too late in the day for Christians to palm themselves off as Hindus. Moreover the Jesuits were all men of extraordinary capacity, deeply learned, thoroughly conversant with the language (Father Breschi's poems on our Lady

are part of classical Tamil literature) and able to thread their way through the intricacies of Brahmin metaphysics whereas those the Commissioner brought out were raw youths, inexperienced enthusiasts. But he thought that all that was necessary was that his men should wear native dress and live as natives.

THE SALVATION ARMY in England called for recruits. Though the followers of General Booth were suffering many handicaps, and were often assailed by the rowdies of the "Skeleton Army" who broke up their meetings with brickbats and rotten eggs, only two salvationists relished the prospect of going out to the hardships of native life in India. A band of young men and women was eventually drafted, but the two volunteers were Captain Maynard, stationed in Cornwall, and Captain Teague, the youngest of the army's officers, who was working in a rough section of the north of England. She was my mother. My father had not yet met her.

What were the motives that sent her out I do not know. Though a girl still in her teens, she was one of the most acceptable orators that the Salvation Army possessed and in frequent demand for mass meetings. The early number of the *War-Cry* contained many poems written by her. I must admit that they were not very good poems, but I think that could she have had more leisure and education she might have written well. From all accounts she was a most effective speaker. I never heard her address an audience—for she abandoned oratory, as she abandoned verse, after her marriage—but I never met anyone whose conversation was more vibrant with passion and conviction. Her most casual remark smouldered.

Her father was the foreman of a tin mine in Cornwall. He had spent some time before that in a mine in Montana. I never knew him, but a photograph of him shows him to have been a handsome man of superb carriage, with keen intelligence in his eyes and a powerful character revealed by his mouth and chin. Neither did I ever see my mother's mother. I picture her as a strong but somewhat dour personality. Though she could not make her husband give up his pipe, at any rate she insisted that he should smoke up the chimney. They were a hard-

working, frugal, intensely religious couple, but unread except in the Bible.

My father's parents, I can remember my grandfather vaguely, and only in his last illness when he was dying of cancer, but my grandmother very well. Her capacity for work and economy is attested by the fact that though my grandfather was a gardener earning twenty-eight shillings a week (he had also a cottage rent-free from his employer) she managed to save enough out of it to set up a high-class boarding-house which boasted at one time the patronage of Sir Reginald Wingate, Sirdar of Egypt. As a child I was always a little afraid of her—perhaps it was because her house had to be kept inhumanly tidy—but it was also because she had a caustic wit which I was not ready to enjoy.

If there was nothing aristocratic about my lineage, which was what would be called in England of the respectable lower-classes, there is only one disreputable fact to record of it. My grandfather's father was going home from the public-house one evening carrying rather too much drink, and fell at a place (which I have often seen) where the sidewalk was raised about four feet from the road. He broke his neck. My grandfather, years afterwards, fell in exactly the same spot in exactly the same circumstances. He got home with a bloody head—and never touched a drop of drink again. From that moment he became very religious.

That providential fall gave some encouragement to my hard-working grandmother. The boarding-house was established. Her children received a fair education; and all of them showed her talent for rising in the world. I often wonder when looking at my father and my aunts how they emerged from twenty-eight shillings a week. The social system of England (as those who know what it is will understand) is an almost impossible thing to surmount. In the ordinary course of events I should be today a gardener or a carpenter earning (allowing for post-war wages) about three or four pounds a week. That I am not in such a position is largely due to the persistent industry in a humble station of those who have gone before me.

My father, as I have said, was one of the two volunteers to the appeal of Commissioner Booth-Tucker. The

call came to him at the psychological moment. He had just finished reading a book on missionary work in India, and his imagination was on fire. It seemed to him better than writing to go from Cornwall to Tunbridge Wells, where his parents lived, to announce his purpose. He had not breathed a word to a soul of what was in his mind. But my grandfather knew it by "second sight." He announced to his family at breakfast that "Harry is coming home today." My father's sisters laughed at the old man; and each time he answered, "You'll see. Harry will be home today." They made a mild joke of it, and whenever the doorbell rang said, "Oh, there's Harry." Each time my grandfather smiled and shook his head. At last he said, "Harry has come now." And as my father came into the room, his father's first words to him were, "I know what you've come to tell me, my boy, before you begin. You're going to India."

COMMISSIONER BOOTH-TUCKER'S great scheme was a failure. The natives gazed with amused astonishment at the attempt of these young men and women to live as they did. In the Salvation Army Officers Training Home, which was in the charge of the late Herbert Booth* before he quarrelled—as most of the Booths came to quarrel with their autocratic father—life had been hard enough, and often the inmates were reduced to subsist upon potatoes and prayer. In Madras they had the prayer without the potatoes; and with their privations intense heat, bad water, the pestilential stench of the native quarter, no privacy—difficult anywhere in India, but impossible in a native house—and vermin everywhere. The native dress was no hardship, but it was a little embarrassing. I heard afterwards of the comical modesty of my father when taking tea with an English lady. Do what he would, patches of his bare skin kept appearing, and she took a

*After coming from California in 1924 I went with my family to live until we had found a suitable apartment at a boarding-house at Yonkers. It was run by a Mrs. Booth. Her husband turned out to be Herbert. "So you're the son of Harry Maynard who went out to India." But his pleasure had a sharp set-back, I fear, when he heard I had become a Catholic.

mildly malicious delight in his discomfort.

Several of the group of experimentalists died; most of them became ill. All were disillusioned. The majority returned to England in disgust. My father and mother remained, but they left the Salvation Army as soon as they got married. I think my mother would have liked to have gone on; she was not the kind ever to give up. But her constitution had become permanently impaired. She would undoubtedly have died if my father had not put his foot down and taken her away. Mrs. Booth-Tucker brandished her fist in his face, and cried, "It's you who are stealing her from us!" To the end she was a Salvationist in spirit, though of the old type of abandoned fervor rather than of the new, the decorous and business-like. But when some years ago she met again Commissioner Higgins, since appointed General, whose father had been a close friend of hers, he was decidedly cold, and evidently regarded her having left the Army as a great sin.

MY PARENTS had been Methodists, and upon leaving the Army, naturally associated themselves with the missionary work of that body. Mr. Goudie—he must be dead now, but about fifteen years ago he was general secretary of the Methodist Missionary Society—was willing to take my father as his assistant. And when I was born it was Mr. Goudie who baptized me. But already my father and mother had ceased to be thorough-going Wesleyans; their minds were full of doubts concerning the "scripturalness" of infant baptism, and they regarded the sacrament in the light merely of a form of dedication of a child to the Lord.

The decision they reached soon afterwards called for a good deal of heroism. The Methodists, of course, paid their missionaries a salary; and an assured income—though it was a small one—was a highly desirable thing to a young couple who were accumulating, rather rapidly, a family. But my parents, after much prayer and studying of the scriptures, reached the conviction that they must associate themselves with the Plymouth Brethren, who are not a very precisely defined organization, and whose missionaries live precariously upon the free-will offerings of

those in sympathy with them. From as early as I can remember the family maxim was, "The Lord will provide." And I am bound to say that the beautiful trust was justified. We had to do without many small comforts that other missionary families deservedly have. We were often enough at the very end of our financial tether. But, somehow or other, we never got quite beyond it. The Lord did provide in the nick of time.

The fact that so small a religious body as the Plymouth Brethren has as many as a thousand foreign missionaries is a sign of its spiritual vitality. It is no more than just for me to testify to the other signs noticeable in this little known denomination.

To begin with it is not a denomination at all. The very name "Plymouth Brethren" was a nickname coined in derision. But so it was also with the names "Baptist" and "Methodist," only in their cases the groups soon hardened, as the Brethren never did, into definite organizations. A movement began in Dublin, at the beginning of the last century, led by a clergyman of the Church of Ireland named John Nelson Darby, which aimed at a reunion of all Christian believers upon the basis of primitive simplicity, as Darby and his friends understood it. There was no attempt at first to secede from the Anglican or any communion. The group met for prayer and study of the Bible and Christian fellowship. They spoke of themselves as "Brethren," but not in any exclusive sense. All Christians were Brethren; and anyone who loved Our Lord was welcome among them.

They have no ordained ministers; for all Christians are kings and priests unto God; there is no election or appointing to offices; indeed there are no offices; and there is no central organization formally recognized. It is true enough that—despite their sincerely held theory—they have an exclusive spirit, and that the imperious temper of Darby caused a bitter internal conflict and a schism that is not yet healed. Though all believers are *ipso facto* Brethren—whether or not they associate with the people known as "Plymouth Brethren"—the group reserves to itself the right to judge whether or not those who profess Christian faith really have it. This is inevitable: if a standard of ortho-

doxy is set up there must be a tribunal to decide who is orthodox.

And from the Catholic point of view the orthodoxy of Plymouth is sound, so far as it goes. That is to say very important features of Catholicism—such as the sacramental system—are rejected; but such parts of Catholicism as are retained are not defaced by error. For example, when the Plymouth Brethren insist on the priesthood of all Christians they do no more than teach Catholic doctrine. They do not claim for the possessors of that lay priesthood more than they should. But they deny Apostolic ordination. They have no priesthood in the full sense.

So also with regard to their teaching concerning the personality of Our Lord. They are orthodox, in an orthodoxy preserved for them (did they but know it) by the vigorous action of the Papacy against the Christological heretics. But lacking the Blessed Sacrament, their love has a narrow outlet. They hold, as firmly as we do, to the belief that the Incarnation, Redemption, Resurrection and Ascension of Christ are historic facts. Their outlook is thoroughly supernatural. No modernism exists among them. And it is a pleasure to record that they are quite free from the witch-burning spirit of nearly all the other Protestant "Fundamentalists." One of their principles is that Christians, even as individuals, must take no part in politics; and though this is a mistake it is less of a nuisance to society than the zealous uplifting, the busy-body puritanism that infects, to much the same extent, those Protestants who accept the theology of Plymouth and those who do not. The Brethren's manner of life, is exceedingly strict, but to their credit it must be recorded that their discipline is merely domestic. They make no attempt to force their views upon others; and they do not seek the use of law in the reformation of the world.

GROWING up as a child under this system, I admit that I did not find it unduly oppressive. I was not allowed to play with my toys on Sunday. But I think I enjoyed the ample scope for play on all other days the more in consequence. Now and then I may have sighed a little over the amount of Bible-reading and hymn-singing I had to do—for I was not a pious child—but it was of great benefit to me. And I cannot think

with anything but admiration of the sincerity and devotion of all those I found around me. Among a few Plymouth Brethren I knew afterwards in England—and much more among other Nonconformists—I came across smugness and facile religiosity on the one hand or spiritual pride upon the other; but in the case of my own parents and the missionaries who were working with them I saw only absolute honesty and genuine religious passion.

UNTIL I was ten, and it was time to go to school in England, I lived in India. It pleases me to remember that I was born in Madras, for that city, which was a Portuguese colony at its foundation, derives its name from *Madre de Dios* (the Mother of God). But we soon left Madras and, after wandering for two or three years in the Coimbatore district, came to settle in the very tip of the huge peninsula near the village of Solapuram. I continued to wander—and I have been wandering about the world ever since, probably because the seeds of unrest were sown in me by our mode of life. I often accompanied my father on his missionary tours. We lumbered along in the bullock *vandis*, going at the rate of two miles an hour for days at a time and sometimes sleeping in the *vandis* at night. Now and then we made a longer journey by train. All India was a land of romance for me. One day it would be a park full of a curious breed of white peacocks; another an old fort, such as that upon the rock at Dindigul. And every day would bring its temple, of the conventional model, rising up as a kind of flattened pyramid; but all beautiful, and each elaborately carved with thousands of figures that would take nearly a lifetime to study fully.

But not all these carvings were of a sort that it was advisable to let a little boy look at too closely. And there were other things that I did not know were there at all. Even such parts of Miss Katherine Mayo's India as I saw, because I could not help seeing, I did not fully understand. Often enough I saw little girls who were wives—delicate, sickly children, in their beautiful brides' dresses with their ears, whose lobes had been drawn out with heavy weights since babyhood, blazing with enormous ornaments of gold. But what it all meant I could not then

quite comprehend. There were simpler things, like the large numbers of lepers—most of them, however, having only the harmless "white leprosy"—who came to our compound every day begging; and the cases of elephantiasis, men and women with impossibly bloated legs; and recurring whisper of cholera; and the stream of sick people at the door of our dispensary, that let even a small boy know that India was not all glamor. But they were taken as part of the established order of the universe. And sometimes they provided us with fun. At *tiffin* we would hear of a woman who tried to describe her symptoms by saying that while she was asleep a rat had run down into her stomach, and now was going "Cuchi-cuchi-cuch—ee" inside. Or the lady who looked after the medicines would say, "Well, Salarratham and his wife didn't like the medicine that I gave them last week. It wasn't the right color. They wanted some that was brown, like the time before. So I told them to come back, and I poured a little liquorice water into the bottle. They went away delighted." But dispensing in the mission field was not much of a joke. I have known of an operation for cataract to be performed successfully by an amateur surgeon with a hairpin. And a friend of my mother's, a lady with the slightest anatomical knowledge, calmly cut off a man's leg at the thigh with an ordinary saw because amputation was necessary and there was nobody else at hand to do it. Don't recall what became of the man.

But the life of the mission station flowed all around me without affecting me very much. It was assumed—somewhat rashly, perhaps—that I couldn't get into very serious mischief, so that, except for a casual hour or two a day of lessons with my mother's younger sister, I was allowed to do pretty much as I liked. My sister was—well, a girl—and so not of much use for serious play; I had at that time only one brother—my senior having died as an infant—and he was much too young for a big boy to play with, being three while I was eight, so I put myself in command of a band of Tamil urchins with whom I had a sufficiently amusing time.

We discovered upon our property what had once no doubt been a temple tank, but which had been choked with earth for centuries. After the spade

and shovel had done their work, it served excellently for irrigation, and for a spectacular baptismal pool. For my purposes it was a first-rate swimming hole, and above my left knee I still bear a scar which makes me remember many a happy afternoon. I cut myself there one day on the rocky side while climbing out.

I wore little more in the way of clothes than did my native companions. But I seemed to wear more. They had nothing except loincloths, whereas I had a cotton tunic. The soles of my feet were as leathery as theirs. But often enough an inch and a half thorn would make me come home limping. Had ours been a district of horses I daresay I should long ago have been dead of lockjaw. But the only horses we ever saw were those of the clay statues which circled every rustic shrine.

There is a good story about one of these celestial stables. Our settlement was built upon a mound in the plain which stretched out for miles in every direction. Upon it there had stood a little idol, and around it a ring of life-sized clay horses. When my father wanted to buy the place he had been told that it could not be sold because it was a holy place. But it happened to be just the site he needed. The difficulty was got over by the native Christians who secretly took away the idol one night and buried it in the sand of a river which was dry except in the monsoon season. They did not say anything to my father about it, for they understood that an Englishman had odd notions about fair play. But their pious "dirty work" resulted in the removal of a pious obstacle. Therefore "Mount Sion," so named both because it was taken from the Jebusites and because it was the name of the street in Tumbridge Wells in which my grandmother had her boarding-house, came into our hands. I do not believe that my father ever knew what had happened until a couple of years later. Then the monsoons had uncovered the idol interred in the sandy river bed; and the devotees found it and took it home with jubilant cacophony.

MOUNT SION was a bare spot. I never have understood why my father thought it a suitable site for his station. But he was, with all his good sense, of a romantic temperament; and the only hill in the district may have been an irresistible

temptation. His romanticism led him to lay out the foundations of the house in three sides of a square; but only one side was ever built, and long ago the foundations of the other two sides were uprooted to make room for trees. Even without its gorgeous projected flourishes, Mount Sion was the most substantial mission station that I have ever seen. And perhaps the abortive foundations looked impressive.

There was a good deal of solid work done there. An orphanage was established on our little hill; and Mount Sion is now a busy and thriving settlement with its own railway station. My father, though he was retired from active missionary work for several years, is venerated in all the Tinnevely district. When I saw him a few months ago I said to him, "If ever I visit India twenty years from now I should not be surprised to find at some cross-roads an idol of you." (For it must be understood that every day a new god—generally some newly departed local celebrity—is added to the Hindu pantheon). He laughed and answered, "I daresay you would find funnier things than that."

He was a great missionary. For he had boundless sympathy and patience, and understood the Tamils to their marrow. He is moreover a master of the Tamil tongue—which

is what very few missionaries ever become; and though, as I understand, not an exact scholar when it comes to the writing of Tamil, with all its highly artificial literary rules, is the author of most of the Christian hymns sung in the language, and the compiler of the hymn-book which all the Protestant missions use. The common complaint since his retirement because of his health is, "Dore Maynard has several sons. Why can't he send one of them out to us." The reason why one son did not go is to be found in this story.

WHAT I got out of India was an exoticism which after all my love for the landscape of England remains deep in my heart. Mount Sion was a desolate spot, the one slight elevation in a sterile plain. In most places the ground was baked and bare. Here and there, by arduous irrigation, patches of *cholum* or of chilis could be raised. Scrawny sows got a little sun-bitten herbage. The crows followed them for offal. The trees were thorny, except along the roads, where tamarinds and banyans grew; cacti were everywhere. By the dubious rivers grew plantains; and there were clumps of the palmyra palm at rare intervals. But in the west rose, sheer from the level of the plain, the majestic crests of the mountains dividing the Madras

Presidency from Travancore. And every evening—especially during the monsoon season, when the air was full of minute prisms of moisture—incredible sunsets filled the heart with glory.

There were other things—the needless but delicious terrors of prowling tigers, which were safely away in their distant jungles, and the real danger of cobras whose cast skins I often found, but were too familiar to be alarming. And scorpions that were an entertaining nuisance. The fleas and bedbugs were a nuisance that was not entertaining. Now and then we would have a dinner of bats—the flying-foxes that lived upon the tamarind fruit and tasted like rabbits. Deliciously creepy stories from the natives that made many a night sleepless for me, and all of them full of nightmares. But best of all was to go out after a steady week of monsoon rain and find gulleys fretted in every road-bank, and silver sand glistening and clean, and cochineal insects brought out from their holes. There would be thousands of them, mantled in scarlet velvet, tiny cardinals gathered in ecumenical council. Never could a boy's eyes have shone as mine shone, as I scooped them up in my hands. All India was then in my hands—a blaze of impossible color. (To be continued)

Catholic Leakage

ILLUSTRATED BY A DEPLORABLE INSTANCE

By AILEEN MARY CLEGG

IKNEW a Catholic who married a non-Catholic, and they had three children. One of the children married a convert, one married a bad Catholic, and the third made a mixed marriage. There were seven grandchildren, of whom six were brought up as Catholics, and one, the issue of the mixed marriage, was not. Of the six Catholic grandchildren, one lapsed, one ceased to practice his faith for a number of years, and one nearly lost his faith, but was saved by a miracle of grace.

Five of these grandchildren married, and only one of the five married a Catholic. The lapsed Catholic

abjured his faith and married outside the Church. Two marriages were mixed marriages made by the Catholic partners with the best intentions of running the home on Catholic lines, and of bringing up children as fervent Catholics. The grandchild who was born of a mixed marriage in the previous generation, and who had never been brought up as a Catholic, naturally married outside the Church.

The fourth generation numbers eight great-grandchildren, of whom only three are being brought up as

Catholics.

In the case of two of the Catholic marriages, the husbands were converts during the period of the engagement. In no single case of mixed marriage did the non-Catholic partner become converted after the wedding had taken place.

WE HEAR a great deal about the "leakage." Here we have a deplorable instance of it. Of the twenty-four descendants of one mixed marriage, fourteen are Catholics and ten are non-Catholics . . . and the tale of fourteen Catholics is only made by including one bad Catholic and two slack ones.

I believe that this is by no means an isolated case.

The deduction is obvious. The facts prove what the wisdom of the Church has pronounced. Mixed marriages are to be condemned, and dispensations only to be granted for grave reasons.

Catholics living in America in a society where they normally meet as many non-Catholics as Catholics, sometimes wax restless under the prohibition. This is particularly so when they have already fallen in love with a non-Catholic. They are eager to marry, and they think themselves quite capable of estimating the dangers and difficulties which may beset them in a mixed marriage, and of coping with them. They feel that the Church is a little too grandmotherly in her care for her flock, and inclined to get over-anxious about their spiritual welfare. In any case they believe that even if the Church is right in general, and the prohibition is reasonable in most cases, it is not so in their own, because they want to marry an exceptional non-Catholic. So they apply for a dispensation without more ado.

IF LOVE is blind, it is more so in this matter than in any other. Desire magnifies good intentions till they have the force of accomplished facts. The Catholic intends to be faithful to his Catholic habits. In his mind's eye he sees his wife first impressed, then curious, then eager, then under instruction . . . all the stages of conversion rattling on with the rapidity of a cinematographic film, and with the reception into the Church as apotheosis. If children should arrive before the moment of this happy culmination, his instructions to them will be a happy stage in the process.

But his imagination is leading him astray, and the devil intends that it should. Any priest can assure him—almost always fruitlessly—that this is not in the very least the way things will go. People in love are, as a rule, in an unreasonable frame of mind in so far as any conflict arises to threaten the longed-for course of true love. Love is in its very nature generous, and the state of being in love involves so generous an attitude to the beloved that all the virtues are magnified and all the faults minimized. Moreover, the conditions and exactions of the marriage relationship are such that they cannot be

imagined before they are experienced. So advice which seems to imply distrust or criticism of the beloved is dismissed more or less summarily. The conscience is not deeply involved, because loyalty and integrity push the Catholic along the very path which he is anxious to tread.

It seems to me wrong-headed to minimize or ignore this force of true love. I have read a number of articles on the evils of mixed marriage which seemed to me to lose considerable force just for this reason. The ordinary American is incapable of a *marriage de convenance*, which seems to suit the temperament of our continental neighbors. If an American makes such an alliance it is rarely a success. Young people of a marriageable age in America naturally—and I, think, for them rightly—reject a suitor selected for them by their parents. They would also consider it priggish to make a deliberate survey of their Catholic acquaintances with a view to discovering the partner "most worthy of them in all respects." They are not anxious to meet the young woman who is most devout in Church and most expert in housewifery, nor the most hard-working and abstemious young man.

Instead, they enjoy themselves innocently and wait till they fall in love. Then, if the object of their affection has no vice, they marry and rub along together in a sensible give-and-take fashion. There may be occasional quarrels, but their genuine love, safeguarded by the Sacrament of Matrimony, carries them successfully over the rough places, smooths their irritating mannerisms, and files away their faults until the marriage is justified by its success and they arrive at mutual understanding and respect, and a profound and enduring affection. But with the normal American the fact of falling in love is the determining factor in making a choice of his partner, and in the present state of America the choice is as likely to fall on a non-Catholic as a Catholic.

It is curious that the Catholic hardly ever sets to work with determination to convert his beloved during that one period when he would have greatest chance of success—that is to say, the period before marriage. More than one non-Catholic has assured me that if it had been made a condition of the engagement,

he would have become a Catholic; yet, once married, he could never be persuaded to give the Catholic religion a serious thought, and the chance of making a sincere convert of him was lost forever.

It is tragic that the Catholic partner ignores his power or is fearful of putting it to the test. If he cannot bring himself to say and to mean "I will not marry you unless you become a Catholic," he would be safe in making it a condition of engagement that the non-Catholic be thoroughly instructed in the Catholic faith, exactly as if it were a preliminary to reception into the Church. If conversion did not result, at least the non-Catholic could not later plead ignorance as an excuse for breaking his promises made to the Catholic at the moment of marriage, or for attempting to persuade her to courses condemned by the Church.

IN THE majority of cases, both parties to a mixed marriage contract it in an appalling and devastating state of ignorance. Love tends to deify the beloved, and they attribute to one another every beautiful quality of soul and mind—above all, superhuman patience and understanding. This tendency is fair and holy and God-given. It is a heavenly compensation for the lack of charity which we meet in other directions. But it may be misleading if worked to excess. For example, the Catholic dreams how, after marriage, the non-Catholic will find himself intrigued by Catholic practice, whereas it is possible that he may find signs of the cross in public bad taste, fish on Fridays a bore, and Sunday Mass a positive nuisance.

The Catholic imagines an avid interest on the part of the non-Catholic while the children are being catechized, whereas the children may realize quicker than he himself how bored the non-Catholic is, in spite of gallant attempts at concealment. The Catholic foresees too little of the struggles ahead—for baptism as soon as possible after birth, which the non-Catholic considers unnecessary; for confession, which he thinks morbid; for Communion, which he thinks a menace to health; for a Catholic education in Catholic schools, which he considers inconvenient, unsuitable, and a social drawback. The young lover, still unmated, is utterly unable to imagine the part which his children will seize

for themselves in his heart and mind and life.

As surely as in a true Catholic marriage they will unite their parents more closely, so surely in a mixed marriage will they prove a source of division and discord. Inevitably the children will suffer, and it is their souls that will suffer most. The family whose history for four generations forms the text of this article furnishes proof from experience of this. In its fourth generation, the issue of mixed marriage is in the following plight. The children of the lapsed Catholic are being brought up as Evangelical, and the one child of the slack Catholic as an Episcopalian. The children of the fervent Catholic are now nothing in particular because their Catholic mother died when they were babies and the non-Catholic father married again. The last mixed marriage will probably produce no children.

In these days the devil has a particularly effective weapon for wrecking a mixed marriage. From time to time cases arise when married people are advised not to have children. (It will readily be realized that such advice is more likely to be offered by the non-Catholic specialist than by the Catholic.) Now the Catholic wife who is married to a non-Catholic is in a very difficult position indeed if a specialist advises her not to have children. If she were mar-

ried to a Catholic the only problem would be the value of the specialist's judgment. If his advice is accepted, then she and her husband would have to obey the clearly-defined laws of the Church. Nor would they despair of obeying them, thanks to the means which the Church provides—namely, the Sacraments, above all, the abiding grace of the Sacrament of Matrimony.

But the non-Catholic husband is mentally at sea, and is without these helps. He has to depend mainly on natural good qualities which may not happen to be strong in him, and he probably lacks that self-discipline which the practice of Confession fosters. Moreover, he sees a simple—and, for him, reasonable—way out. He, therefore, advocates the use of contraceptives. If his wife rejects this solution of the problem—and she is bound to do so under pain of mortal sin—she must risk her life to fulfill her part of the marriage contract, and she must be made of heroic stuff to do so with love and good-will.

These are merely the everyday problems of the mixed marriage. In very rare cases the non-Catholic is converted after marriage. Not so rarely the Catholic loses his faith, sometimes from laziness and inertia, sometimes because he is too weak to continue the struggle to the end, sometimes because he crazily throws up the sponge at the very beginning.

But as in none of these cases is his change of front due to conviction, so is he hounded to the end by remorse and craving for his lost faith. Happy he, if a death-bed repentance gives him peace of soul at last.

If, on the other hand, the Catholic sticks to his guns, the non-Catholic partner has his own grounds for discontentment and for revolt against what seems to him the tyranny of a Church which does not hesitate to dictate his conduct of intimate details in his relationship with wife and children. Its crowning insult is that it dictates successfully. I have in my possession a letter which proves the disastrous failure of mixed marriage from the point of view of the non-Catholic. A paragraph runs as follows:

"When I married I knew nothing of your religion, and was passively indifferent to all religious dogmas. Now I know something of it and am converted to active antagonism to all things Catholic. I hate it with a bitterness you do not conceive, and if I allowed my children to be Catholics some of that hate would become detached and we should become estranged. I unblushingly plead guilty to a breach of faith—with your religion—but I do not admit that the promise to bring my children up as Catholics was made with my eyes open. I would never again make the mistake of marrying a Catholic."

The Ninth Rosary

*Brown as the breast of a wren October is;
A little brown wren that builds in an Irish hedge
And hears the ceaseless chanting of Rosaries,
Ireland's Song of Songs, at the night's dark edge.*

By TERESA BRAYTON

MAURA DRISCOLL rose from her rheumatic knees having blessed herself three times with the cross of her old brown beads. This was the ninth night of her devotion, and a great peace had come to her soul as if her prayers had been heard on high. Where that "high" might be Maura did not question. She only knew that somewhere inside herself there was a conviction that what she had prayed for so devoutly would be given to her.

And why not! Sure the Hoily Mother, herself, when she was on earth had many a trouble on her, many a decision to make, many a thing to meet that could only be wrestled out with prayer.

Prayer to Maura Driscoll was as the breath of her nostrils, the beating of her heart. Ever since she was a weeshy child lisping her first Hail Mary by her mother's knee in this

same home where now she sat, prayer had been the great weapon by which she had fought her way through eighty years of life. It had never failed her, and it could not fail her now.

Prayer to fail? Why, Maura laughed at the very idea of it. When that professor from overseas who stayed at the big hotel in town and who used to come down to her little home so often for a chat and a drink of goat's milk last summer, well, when he would tell her about a new

discovery out in the big world that brought a person's voice over thousands of miles, it did not impress her any at all. Talking all about the stars he used to be, and how it took thousands of years for even their light to come down to the earth. Maura had then told him that the One Who made everything, even the grass at her door, He must be down here too, attending to His business, and that it only took her two minutes and the picking up of her beads to find Him no matter where He was. She remembered how he had looked at her and then said, "Paul, thou almost persuadest me to be a Christian."

Of course the man was a Christian! Everyone was a Christian, except some poor heathens who did not know why they were alive, even.

MAURA, on the strength of her prayer, went to the box she had packed in the morning and undid the cords that bound it. She had come to another way of thinking. Something would surely happen soon to prevent her leaving this home that had sheltered her for so many years.

On top of the box under the lid there were two pictures. One was of Michael, the other of John. Michael was to be seen in a sweater, with a cap tilted over his right eye, and a rose stuck in his button-hole. That was Michael all over. He would leave a horse standing in the furrow any Spring day of ploughing to go plucking a primrose or looking at a butterfly. John was not at all like that. She drew John's picture out next and set it beside Michael's. John was a sensible boy with no nonsense in him, but not half the sweetness was there that Michael had. A steady lad who always thought twice before he spoke once. John was shown in a neat suit of clothes, his hat in his hand, not a stray hair out of the place where it had been brushed before the picture was taken. A solid man, every inch of him. Maura set the two pictures on a shelf beside her altar of the Blessed Mother and looked them over with approving eyes.

John would never let her lack a grain of sugar in her tea, not to speak at all of giving her the best tea that money could buy. Michael, God bless him, would think she ought to be happy as a queen sitting down to anything at all set before her, the same

as he was himself, God bless her kindly lad!

The professor had told her a story about a great Jewish king of old who once settled a dispute between two mothers by threatening to cut a baby in two to satisfy their demands; but neither in the Bible nor any other book was there ever a story about a mother being cut in two to please her two sons.

And that is what Maura Driscoll's story amounted to. Michael wanted her to come and live with him on his little farm in Knockbride. John wanted her to pack up her belongings and come over to England and live with him in his fine home there. Was there ever such a problem?

Maura thought of Michael with a sickly wife—sure Ellie Flynn had been only "shook on the world" from the first day she ever had come into it. And the children were only wisps of creatures with no strength at all in them. Where would she be amongst them, she thought, and she only an old creature herself, with no more power in her now than a robin with one wing?

And then a queer thought came to Maura Driscoll that made her laugh. Suppose she had to be divided up between them, Michael and John. John would take her feet and put fine shoes on them before he set them in the ground, but Michael would take her head and her breast and her heart. He would plant primroses and violets over them and spend the money needed for his next year's sowing of crops for a tombstone telling the world how much he thought of her. And so it was!

Maura Driscoll blew out her candle and went to bed with the puzzle still in her mind, but behind the puzzle was a great conviction that God would settle it all before the breaking of another day. Her old brown beads under her pillow, and with the song of an autumn wind whispering through the ash tree outside her window, Maura Driscoll slept the sleep of them who leave all earthly cares behind when they put the sign of the Cross on their foreheads before they close their eyes.

Dawn came in with a great splashing of rain. Maura stretched herself out on her feather bed with the luxurious feeling that she had not any reason to get out of it for two hours yet, so she might lie still and think her long thoughts. There were no fowl clamoring to be fed, for she

had sold her flock to Ellen Murphy for ten shillings two days before. And a fine bargain Ellen had got! Six of her hens were laying eggs as big as your head every day in the week, and as for Jacky, the rooster, for a fine-looking bird like he was he ate next to nothing. The two old hens of the lot were good for soup, only she knew Ellen Murphy would never make soup of them as long as they were able to cackle.

Neddy the Post would not be on his rounds before ten o'clock. In the meantime she would be resting there knowing that there was tea in the cupboard, and the half of a cake and enough butter to last her for the rest of the week. John had sent her money for a flitch of bacon, but sure, Michael had needed it worse than she did, so she had told Kelly, the grocer in town to send it out to Knockbride.

It was too bad Ellie was such a poor cook. Why, she would boil! potatoes for an hour and yet they would be as hard at the heart of them as the Rock of Cashel, itself. And as for her bread! No mortal man, let alone poor Michael, could eat it and keep the lining on his stomach. Maybe she might be able to cook the bacon with a bit of cabbage to back it up—but that, too, was a problem too hard for Maura Driscoll to solve.

Rain lashing itself against the windows and the ash tree groaning in spirit through all its wet leaves! Maura Driscoll turned and tossed in her feather bed. Neddy the Post should be getting his bag from the postmaster now and turning out on his daily rounds. Neddy was as slow as an old grey donkey tired of its labor, she thought. But his bag was light, always, over the hills, and he had no need to be coming later than ten o'clock. Of course he would be stopping for a cup of tea at Kitty Rorke's while Kitty went through the post cards, and then he would be staying for a while longer at Jane Dunne's while she was reading the morning papers from Dublin and himself was drying his feet by the fire, but surely, by ten o'clock, Neddy would be rounding the turn of the road by Maura's house and there would be some news for her.

THERE surely would be a letter from John. He would be telling her again how Della and himself were looking out for her coming.

"Della!" That was the real trouble in her mind. This strange woman

whom she had never seen. This woman that John always said was such a wonderful cook and house-keeper. She would, maybe, have bobbed hair and be wearing dresses up to her knees like Maura had seen the bitteens of city girls doing who came down there for their vacations in summer. Nice girls they were, too; but not like she had been when she was young.

What reception would this wife of John's be giving an old woman in a hooded cloak at all! She would be setting food before her she could not eat, and be picking up things after her night, noon and morning. Too fine and particular she would be, of course!

But with Ellie and Michael it would be different. She would put a pillow at Ellie's back in a sugan chair, and take care of the children for her. She would keep the house clean and cook Michael's meals till the boy was well and strong again. She saw the three of them, herself and Ellie and Michael sitting by the fire at night telling stories to each other as long as she was able to put a foot to the floor. But that was the thing that hurt her. She, Maura Driscoll, was an old woman now and could not be with either of them for long. To be a burden to Michael in her old age she could not think of. To go to John and be buried, when her days were done, in a foreign land was even worse than that. God help her. What was she to do?

A fierce flurry of wind and rain laden with broken leaves from the ash tree stirred Maura to new activity. "It is an ungrateful old woman I am," she said, "lying here under my blankets when it is up and on my knees I ought to be asking God and Mary to guide me this blessed day." Scrambling out on her well-scrubbed floor she was soon at her usual morning exercise of storming the citadels of heaven. Stronger than even on the night before she felt in all her being that an answer to her prayers was at hand.

AS THE last supplication of the Litany to the Blessed Virgin rolled from her lips in caressing Gaelic a shadow darkened above the half door and Neddy the Post hove in view.

"I have two big fat letters for you, this morning, Mrs. Driscoll," he said. "Two of them," Maura cried. Then with the innate courtesy of the

Irish she bade him come in and lay his bag on the table, ignoring the mail he offered her till she had given him "the comfort of her house."

"And who are the letters from, Neddy, avic?" she asked as the bearer of her missives wiped his mouth after a long draught of tea and a plate of pancakes.

"Why, then, ma'am, not a one of me knows," said Neddy. "Of course the writin' looks like your boy, John, would be sending from him as Kitty Rorke says, but the other one she couldn't make out at all though she nearly stood on her head to read the postmark."

"KITTY RORKE will never lie easy in her grave while there is anything going on in this part of the country that she hasn't a finger in. But, sure, the poor woman has nothing else to keep her mind going since her fine man died on her a year ago." Maura sighed and Neddy sighed in sympathy with her. "It wasn't a finger she had in that man's business at all" murmured Neddy, "but the full of her two hands of them."

Maura giggled like a girl. "Was there any news in the papers this morning?" she asked as she brushed away the ashes from the turf fire.

"Nothing much," said Neddy, "except that Jane Dunne read me a piece about Mike Foley from Cluna who went to Dublin last year and is now trying to put a new something into one of them motor cars to make them go faster. Heaven knows they go fast enough already, leaping over you on the road they do be if you don't jump as quick as a rabbit out of their way."

"Mike Foley!" echoed Maura. "Why that was the lad who pulled his granny's old clock to pieces trying to find what made it go."

"Aye!" said Neddy. "He must have made more wheels go than were ever seen in this part of the country because he is going to make wheels turn for Mr. Ford now in his big car factory. What will become of our chickens when Mike Foley's wheels catch them on the road I don't know, at all, at all."

"Mike Foley!" said Maura clearing away her dishes, "why that was the lad who inveigled my son, Michael, to steal your cap and bag one day when you were sleeping by Rathroe and then the two of them went back to the post office and said

you had been carried away by the fairies."

"Aye," said Neddy. "And what would the fairies be doing with me? I ask you that. They contrived a cord from the top of the mound and whisked away my belongings. That is what they did, Mrs. Driscoll. A pair of devils that had no notion that a man would be needing a rest by the side of the road now and again. I would not have minded so much it there was not a telegram in my bag for Major Barnes and he watching for it for two days. I'll be be bidding you good day, ma'am!" said Neddy giving a long look at the two letters on the table into which he had not been allowed to peer, Maura Driscoll being able to read English almost as well as her native Gaelic.

When Neddy the Post had gone Maura lifted up her two letters, but she did not read them till she had allowed herself the privilege of a hearty laugh over Neddy's forgotten plight of many years ago. "Himself and Major Barnes' telegram," she whispered to herself. "The telegram that meant poor old Jerry Flynn was to be thrown out of his house and home. It maybe, was the Lord's hand was in it that the boys did what they did for by the time the letterbag and Neddy's cap were restored to the post office Jerry's children in America had sent him enough money to pay up all his back rent."

"GOD's hand is in all things" she said as she opened the "fat letters" Neddy had left her on the table. One of them was easy enough to read. Like print it was, but the meaning of it could not penetrate Maura's brain, for it told of the sale of a farm called Killcloon in her name to John Driscoll then in Manchester, England, she having equal rights in the transfer of property. The other letter was from John saying that instead of asking her to come to England he was coming to Ireland. "You know," he said, "Della's mother is dead, and she is turning to you to be another mother to her. Beside that, I am longing for the old sod and you and Michael. By taking over this farm in Kilcloon which I have bought in your name, I will be able to live in handy reach of you both and, maybe, take in Michael as partner. Sure he knows more about farming than I do. But, anyway, I have enough for us all to

be living on to the end of our days. I will be with you in a week from now."

Maura Driscoll folded the letter and laid it away in a very daze of bewilderment. But why was she bewildered, she asked herself! Hadn't she made more Novenas for a solving of her difficulties than would go in intensity from there to the highest star Professor Needham had been telling her about! And now, when her prayers had been answered, she felt bewildered!—That was a poor way indeed to answer the Giver of

all good gifts.

Down on her old rheumatic knees by the fire went Maura Driscoll, lingering her old brown beads in an ecstasy of content. Though she did not know it, The Song of Songs was rolling through her soul. "My beloved to me and I to my beloved." Her two beloved sons beside her without being forced to leave one for the other! Oh, surely Mary herself, who had stood by the cross of her Son to the bitter end was with her through all her troubles and had now answered her prayer. Sure, 'tis well

our Lady knew that it was not in the heart of any woman to leave one son alone and cleave to another. And that great Lady, set above the stars and the sun with the moon for a footstool, had taken thought for an old woman in a little Irish home, a home where the Rosary, night and morning, was a sign that love for her was a living torch within. A torch that never would be extinguished so long as the Rosary, Ireland's "Song of Songs," was heard by nestling birds at "the night's dark edge."



The Roman Aristocracy Since 1870

THE "BLACKS" AND "WHITES" PASS INTO HISTORY

By GIULIO MARCHETTI FERRANTE

WITH the signing of the Lateran Treaty, the two parties of the "Blacks" and the "Whites" have disappeared from the Roman aristocracy. When, in 1870, the temporal power of the Popes over Rome ceased to exist, the Roman aristocracy could not forget its origin, and maintained with dignity an attitude of fidelity and respect towards the Papacy. The princely families of that time—and nearly all of them still exist—owed, with very rare exceptions, their own rise to the Papacy. It is certain that already in the seventeenth century the feudal nobility of the Middle Ages had disappeared. The few families which descended from them, such as Colonna, Caffarelli, Orsini, Conti, Massimo, Savelli, Publicola-Santacroce, while unable to consider themselves created by the Popes, had received from them in later times so many benefits that they were much on a level with those who owed their greatness exclusively to the circumstance of having seen one of their own blood on the Throne of St. Peter. Such was the case of the greater number: Borghese, Barberini, Aldobrandini, Odescalchi, Ottoboni, Altieri, Boncompagni-Ludovisi, Rospigliosi, Chigi, and Braschi. There were Papal families who did not live in Rome, such as the Corsini, returned to Florence, the Carafa, and the Pignatelli, re-established at Naples. In the list of the Roman Princes one also found the Ruspoli,

Antici-Mattei, Lante, Cenci-Bolognetti, Sforza-Cesarini, Giusiniani-Bandini, Doria-Pamphili, and Del Drago, promoted from the marquise to the principality on the occasion of a conspicuous marriage, and finally the Torlonia, the last-comers, who had gained the coat-of-arms, and the closed coronet by services rendered to the Pontifical State. Together with these magnates there lived in Rome many families of a nobility not princely, but often older and more illustrious than so-called "Marquises of the Canopy," that is, the Patrizi, Sacchetti, Theodoli, and Costaguti. Their title was derived from the privilege of carrying the poles of the Pontiff's canopy in solemn ceremonies. In other times such a privilege had been disputed with a fury which degenerated into scenes of violence, and to prevent such scenes, the Popes chose in perpetuity those to whom such an honor should belong. The Marquises of the Canopy have the right to the appellation of "Don" and "Donna," as have the princes and dukes. Another right of theirs is that of having in their antechamber their own coat-of-arms surmounted by a canopy, and near by there is a cushion and an umbrella, called "basilica," to show that etiquette allows the "Marquises of the Canopy" to receive the Pope in their own houses. For fifty-eight years

such "indumenti" have been faithfully maintained in the houses of the princes, dukes, marquises of the canopy and ambassadors accredited to the Holy See, together with the throne, with its chair turned to the wall in sign of mourning (as all could see in the Palazzo Colonna), waiting for an august visit which, as the years passed by, receded into the dim distance. Now these thrones can resume their natural position, and the cushions and the great umbrellas return to their old uses, for nothing need now prevent the Holy Father from visiting those nobles who have the right to receive him.

ILLUSION has been made to the attitude of the aristocracy in 1870; but one must remember that their division into "Blacks" and "Whites" already existed in the last years of the temporal sovereignty of the Popes over Rome, because even then several families made no secret of their profound sympathy with the cause of Italian unity, with Rome as the capital; among such pioneer "Whites" must be recorded the Caetani, and the Ruspoli of the Poggio-Suasa branch. These "Liberals" were not exactly held in favor by the Vatican; indeed their actions were followed with uneasiness. The Caetani especially, with their adoption of English ways, so unusual in the life of the aristocracy of the Eternal City, were looked upon as little less than "brands from Hell."

The great majority of the Roman nobility remained, however, faithful to the Holy See, and at the beginning, refrained from any contact with the Quirinal. It must also be remembered that all posts at the Pontifical Court, other than ecclesiastical, were and still are, by hereditary privilege, held by members of the Roman participate. The supreme post of Assistant at the Pontifical Throne was given by Sixtus V to the heads of the Orsini and Colonna families, and as, after many centuries of discussion, the question of precedence had never been decided between them, it remains established that one year the service shall be rendered by a Colonna, and the next by an Orsini. Prince Ruspoli is grand master of the Sacred Hospice, Marquis Sachetti grand "Furiere" of the Sacred Palace, Marquis Serlupi-Crescenzi grand master of the Horse, and Prince Massimo grand master of the Posts. The two last offices had of late become purely honorary, the first when the present Pontiff suppressed all the stables and carriages of the Vatican, substituting motor-cars, but it might return to honor if Pius XI should re-establish certain ceremonies such as would entail the use of the gala coach, and should he re-mount his Noble Guard. And probably the Master of the Pontifical posts will once again exercise effectual functions.

TO THE above-named offices must be added that of Marshal of the Conclave, which passed to the Chigi when the Savelli became extinct; that of Standard-bearer of the Holy Roman Church, which is the privilege of the Marquises of Montoro; and lastly the Noble Guard of His Holiness, traditionally commanded by a Roman prince, at present by Prince Aldobrandini.

And yet it is evident that the Roman patriciate, no matter what their aspirations and their feelings as Italians, found themselves in a particularly delicate situation when Rome was proclaimed capital of the new kingdom, and when the Pontiff, who up to then had been their legitimate sovereign, had to confine himself a prisoner in the Vatican, proclaiming the most absolute intransigence, and exacting the same from those who would remain faithful to him.

As far as the intransigence of the Roman nobility is concerned with re-

gard to the new state of affairs, various degrees were shown: there were the absolute intransigents such as Lancellotti, and Massimo, who, as a sign of mourning, closed the shutters of his magnificent palace in the Corso Vittorio Emanuele, protesting that they would not be opened again as long as the Pope remained confined to the Vatican. But only a few years ago, the Massimo family decided to reopen those famous shutters, allowing the sun once again to shine in their rooms. Today they can say that such decision was prophetic.

TO THE ball which Prince Lancellotti gave every year at the Carnival in his Palace near San Salvatore in Lauro, only the most rigorously "black" nobles were invited. The Orsini, also, followed that color, not because they were hostile to the new régime, but, like the greater number of the Roman princes, because of their sense of regard for the Pontiff, and in consideration of their functions at the Papal Court.

Colonna, however, as also Doria, Caetani, Odescalchi, Borghese and Torlonia, could not conceal their liberalism. Don Prospero Colonna, Prince of Sonnino, was a brilliant officer of the King of Italy, and subsequently a politician and a Senator of the Kingdom, together with his brother Don Fabrizio. Thus the house of Colonna presented the case of one of its members who, becoming the head of that historic family, found himself obliged to choose between the dignity of Assistant at the Pontifical Throne, and that of Senator of the Kingdom of Italy.

In succeeding generations events greatly modified the division of "Blacks" and "Whites," as was to be expected, and the intransigence of the first years remains an isolated phenomenon. Young men of the "black" nobility performed their military service in the King's Army with zeal and devotion, even those who were members of the Pope's

Noble Guard. And the War brought out prominently many cases of admirable patriotism and valor on the part of young men whose family traditions held them in close connection with the Papal Court.

The "Blacks" could show themselves to be as good Italians as the "Whites," and the appellation had no longer any practical value, but became purely one of historic tradition. Far distant were the times described in their works by Marion Crawford and Marchesa Lily Theodoli, in which the parents of a girl of the "Black" Roman nobility refused to allow her to marry a young man of the "White" nobility. And indeed it would seem that even at that date those two distinguished writers were somewhat exaggerating the dramatic situations in which they placed their leading characters.

In 1883 there was an alarm when the Corps Diplomatique accredited to the Holy See found it necessary to meet together to deprecate the case wherein a lady of the Court of the Queen of Italy was invited to a dinner-party in a "Black" embassy. Latterly these differences have not been observed very strictly, even among diplomats of the two Courts, so much so that last summer his Eminence Cardinal Gasparri (who only the other day countersigned the Treaty of "Conciliation") sent to the head of the Missions accredited to the Vatican a severe admonition on the subject of such "forgetfulness." Truly the last mutterings of a storm to be followed by shining serenity!

THE "BLACKS" and the "Whites" now pass into history. To the characteristic expression "dopo il Settanta" will succeed that of "dopo il Ventinove." But so far as the attitude of the Roman nobles during the past fifty-eight years is concerned, it is only just to state that they did their best to conciliate their feelings of devotion towards the Pontiff with those of affection for their country.

Faith's Infinite Outlook

By VINCENT McNABB, O.P.

MAN, paddocked in a narrow garth of earth,
Hath only towards the sky infinity.

The Material Value of Religion

A QUESTION OF MIGHTY PROS AND WEIGHTY CONS

By GEORGE J. BINGHAM

OURS is the age of machines, of budgeted lives, of hoarded time. We are woven into a web, the warp of which is "Red Tape," and the woof "Ticker Tape." That each member of society may be free, our civilization is directed by rules, restrained by laws, guided by fashion, influenced by tradition, and hedged everywhere by circumstances.

In a broad way, all men are much like one another, and the master mechanics of machine politics, industry and thought encourage absolute uniformity, in order to balance mass production, and to have the lives of the masses scheduled and running according to plan.

When romance has a place no longer in men's lives, when individualism is dead, when uniformity and clock-like regularity are idealized, then the power to recognize boredom, drabness and the tedious, will pass too, and the mass of men will become more valuable to the few as industrial operatives and consumers of production.

This end, sought by big business, high finance, and the foster parents of machine thought and education has the usual two sides—the dark and the bright. There are mighty pros as well as weighty cons, and the benefits to be thus derived are subjects for enlivening debate. This idealization of standardization and uniformity, however, should always be confined to material things, every-day affairs and work-a-day philosophies. When they are intruded into worlds that have no connection with the market or the factory, then there is grave danger of error.

It is unfortunately necessary for many of us to sacrifice beauty, individuality, and a measure of freedom from a part of our lives, on account of social, economic or national reasons, but there is one sphere, one experience, that must forever remain apart from all outside and foreign influences, and that is the private religious life, the religious experience of each and every one.

"Stone walls do not a prison make
Nor iron bars, a cage."

Bound by the walls of necessarily restricted liberty, and caged by the bars of discipline, man may yet soar free above all outside worlds, and beyond time, in his own religious experience. This fact, this power, apart from its religious significance, has its mundane value too, for man, being naturally a liberty lover, cannot endure a perpetual "straight-jacket" life and environment unless the spirit is free. This is the only "safety-valve," speaking pragmatically, for security and happiness in our ultra-modernized lives. To the colorless, religion lends all the natural and the supernatural colors; to the anaemic, she infuses the blood of life.

Realization of the inestimable value and beauty of the religious experience today, and in the future, as compared with every other emotion, is a powerful missionary agency, and many millions who seek only safety in their obedience to canons, commandments and disciplines, should seek the joy and beauty, the strength, and utterly unique experience to which these codes are but introductions. Although steeped in the oils of machine shops, grimed by a city's dust, with mind crushed by the millstones of commerce and industry, soul sick and body worn, a man may yet rise, white and clean, pure and noble, in the self-same religious experience that was known to Abraham, Isaac and Jacob when the earth was still young.

Not alone is there no joy, but there is little value in the observance of laws if the ends served by them are not realized. The spirit of every code is more important than the letter.

As everything in ordinary life is influenced from the outside, the only world that one may truthfully call one's own is that of the mind. Travel therein need not be impeded by any influence. With the mind as chariot, consciousness may be carried outside time to eternity, outside space to the immeasurable, even to the Presence of God. It is a sublime

moment when one allows the world to fall from the consciousness, and stands, as it were, on a high crag, alone, soul naked before creation. Then is the hour for communion with the Mysteries.

Through all the centuries, the Church has pointed the way. The flood of light from the shining Catholic goal, coming to meet man at the very beginning of his quest, glorifies every thought and deed in a flood of Catholic beauty.

It is the Church that gives spiritual vision to eyes that, otherwise, would be incapable of seeing beyond the physical world. In this work, one of her greatest institutions is the Retreat, week-end or longer. Here men or women gather. The whole world, its cares and its affairs, are forgotten and minds are free to wander "Beyond the sunset, and the paths of all the western stars." We can well imagine the value of this experience, when we remember how few are ever able to be entirely alone, mentally and physically. Many people have never been really alone in this sense, for he who escapes the crowd is hounded by the noises of the multitude, by radio, or haunted by his own every-day cares, thoughts or pet illusions.

Religion exalts everything it touches. Every affair of man, life, love, duty, thrift, commerce, industry, thought and government itself, are made purer, more noble and valuable, when they are influenced by principles.

The Church fights more than the World, the Flesh and the Devil; she fights boredom—the boredom of utter materialism. It is her noble function to preach the tragedy of lives lived for such a poor and petty thing as life itself.

The Master is Risen. Lazarus walks. There is no night; no death. The sorrows of all the generations are forgotten and passed, and the Nine Choirs are singing.

I never listen to calumnies, because if they are untrue I run the risk of being deceived, and if they be true, of hating persons not worth thinking about.—MONTESQUIEU.

THE SIGN POST is our Readers' very own. In it we shall answer all questions concerning Catholic belief and practice and publish communications of general interest. Communications should be as brief as possible. Please give your full name and correct address as evidence of your good faith.

THE SIGNPOST

QUESTIONS AND COMMUNICATIONS

Anonymous communications will not be considered. Writers' names will not be published except with their consent. Send us questions and letters. What interests you will very likely interest others, and make this department more interesting and instructive. Address: THE SIGN, UNION CITY, N. J.

PURPOSE OF MARRIAGE

I understand that the Church teaches that married people must have children. If this is the case, then why does the Church allow people beyond the fit age to marry?—Y. L., HARTFORD, CONN.

The Church teaches nothing of the sort. Rather, she teaches that matrimony was instituted by God for the propagation of the race, and that people who choose to enter that state *ought* to have children, if possible. She does not say how many, but she encourages, not commands, married persons to have large families, in conformity with the divine blessing: "Increase and multiply and fill the earth." It is not merely the begetting of children, as such, that the Church favors, but the raising of children that they may one day possess the kingdom of heaven.

Most people confuse the Church's teaching on the abuse of marriage as a command to have children. By no means. But what she does insist on is that married people cannot use marriage in such a manner as deliberately to frustrate the primary end intended by nature. In other words, what she condemns is the selfish and unnatural use of marriage.

Marriage has two ends. The first is the begetting of children; the second, a remedy for concupiscence, and the mutual association of husband and wife. The Church allows people beyond the child-bearing age to marry because this period is not absolutely certain, and secondly, such persons can honestly seek the secondary ends of marriage. Because there is no issue is accidental. Not to be able to produce is a defect of nature; deliberately to impede production is grievous violation of nature.

MANNER OF RECITING ROSARY

Will you please tell me the correct way to say the rosary?—J. W., ORANGE, N. J.

The more commonly known form of the rosary is that of St. Dominic, called the psalter of Mary. It consists in the continuous recitation of 150 Hail Mary's, conformably to the number of psalms, which number is divided into fifteen decades, each decade beginning with an Our Father. The decades are divided into the Joyful, Sorrowful, and Glorious mysteries of the lives of Jesus and Mary. While saying the prayers of the rosary these mysteries are recalled. The recitation of five decades is sufficient to gain the indulgences attached to the rosary. For further information consult an adult prayer book.

E. BOYD BARRETT

Is the author of "While Peter Sleeps" a good Roman Catholic?—J. S., KENVIL, N. J.

He was formerly a member of the Society of Jesus. What his present religious status is, we do not know.

THE NOBEL AND OTHER PRIZES

(1) There was mention of the Nobel Prize in the April issue of THE SIGN. Will you please give me some information about it? (2) Is there any other literary contest going on, or prize that is to be offered soon?—P. G., EVANSVILLE, IND.

(1) The Swedish scientist, Alfred B. Nobel, inventor of dynamite, died in 1896, bequeathing \$9,000,000, the interest of which should yearly be distributed to those who had contributed in a conspicuous manner to the benefit of mankind in the following fields of endeavor—physics, chemistry, medicine, literature, and the promotion of peace. The prize amounts to \$40,000. The first award was made in 1901. A few Americans have received the Nobel prize, the most prominent being Theodore Roosevelt and Woodrow Wilson.

(2) Recently a contest was held by the Catholic Press Association in which prizes were distributed for the best literary work along various lines. The Association is to give annual prizes for the best stories, essays, poems and novels that appear during the year.

PRAYING FOR POPE'S INTENTIONS

We would like to know whether praying for the Pope's intentions in order to gain an indulgence necessarily implies the recitation of five Our Fathers, five Hail Mary's, and five Glorias? Would any other prayer suffice?—I. C. H. S., LODI, N. J.

Strictly speaking, any form of vocal prayer may suffice for fulfilling the condition of praying for the Pope's intentions, unless the form of prayer has been determined. One Our Father would seem to be sufficient. In regard to the Portiuncula Indulgence the Sacred Penitentiary has determined that six Paters, Aves, and Glorias must be said at each visit in order to gain the indulgence.

INDULGENCES AT FIRST MASS

Are there any special indulgences at a priest's first mass?—B. N., NEWARK, N. J.

A plenary indulgence may be gained by relatives to the third degree, and seven years and seven quarantines by others who attend, provided the usual conditions are fulfilled. The celebrant also may gain a plenary indulgence.

ENROLLING IN THE FIVE SCAPULARS

I wish to be enrolled in the five scapulars, but do not know how to go about it. I understand that the Passionist Fathers are the only ones who are authorized to enroll.—B. C.

All missionary priests, as a rule, have the faculty to enroll in the five scapulars. But enrollment is not restricted to them. Ask your pastor about it.

THE PRIESTHOOD AND ITS EXERCISE

My friend claims that once a man is ordained a priest he is always a priest, meaning that one who is suspended can still administer the sacraments and perform other priestly functions. This doesn't sound right to me. Will you please explain?—A. M., BROOKLYN, N. Y.

In regard to the priesthood we must distinguish between the power of sacred orders and the exercise of them. The first is perpetual because indelible, like the character impressed in Baptism and Confirmation; the second can be forbidden entirely, or restricted to certain cases by legitimate ecclesiastical authority.

THINKING FOR ONESELF

In school today pupils are taught not to accept a statement as true until they reason it out for themselves and form their own opinion. Is it wrong for Catholics to study the theory of evolution? I believe that we are forbidden to believe anything contrary to the words of the Bible, but I want to be certain.—V. K., NEW BRUNSWICK, N. J.

As long as this principle is understood to mean the exercise of reason in selecting one's authorities, it can be approved. But if it is meant to constitute the individual mind as the norm of truth it cannot be allowed. Otherwise we could not be certain of many of the most fundamental and important facts of life, which facts we must receive on the testimony of others.

It is not wrong for Catholics to study the theory of evolution. The Catholic Church is not the enemy but the best friend of science. But it is wrong to hold as a demonstrated truth what is only regarded by thorough scientists as an unverified hypothesis.

Catholics are forbidden to hold as true whatever is contrary to the true sense of the Bible as interpreted by the Church.

GIVING COUNSEL

I suggested to a friend who was in trouble to recite the prayer to St. Jude, and to make the sacrifice of abstaining from meat on Friday if he received his request. Did I do right in giving the above advice?—M. M., MCKEESPORT, PA.

There is nothing wrong about it, as far as we can see. Of course, if your friend is a Catholic he is already obliged to abstain from meat on Fridays; if he is a non-Catholic abstaining from meat once a week will do him no harm and may do him great good.

MERIT OF MARRIED AND CONVENT LIFE

Which shall receive the greater merit before God, a woman who renounces the world and enters into religion, or a woman who marries and has children?—J. N., BROOKLYN, N. Y.

The degree of glory which a soul shall have in heaven will depend on the measure of divine grace which the soul possessed at the moment of death, because glory is the fruit of grace. The measure of grace is determined by the intensity or perfection of the soul's love for God. "God is charity, and he that abideth in charity abideth in God, and God in him." While the religious state is more excellent than the married state, because it affords more abundant means for the attaining to the perfection of charity, it does not follow that all those who are in that state are more perfect than those in the married state. Therefore it is possible for a married woman to be further advanced in the love of God than a religious woman, and merit a higher

degree of glory in heaven. The perfection of a state of life is one thing; the perfection of the individual is another thing. "It is not living in Jerusalem which makes one a saint," says St. Jerome, "but living well in Jerusalem."

PERSECUTING HERETICS

A Methodist preacher, R. T. Shuler, claims that it is a fact that every Cardinal, Archbishop and Bishop in the Roman Catholic Church on taking office makes a solemn oath of allegiance to the Pope, in which these words occur; "heretics, schismatics, and rebels to our said Lord, (the Pope), or his aforesaid successors. I will do my utmost to persecute and oppose." Does the word "persecute" really occur in the oath? Please explain.—J. Z., LOS ANGELES, CAL.

The Rev. Shuler quoted correctly. This oath is a relic of the Ages of Faith, when all Europe was Catholic. Heretics and schismatics were justly regarded as rebels. They set up their own opinions in defiance of the revelation of Christ as taught by the Catholic Church. They endangered not only their own salvation, but also that of the Christian commonwealth. They were regarded, not only as rebels to the Faith, but also as traitors to the State. To attack the first, was to assault the second. The heretics and schismatics who were subjected to punishment were not those who secretly entertained erroneous opinions, but those who openly defied the Church, and instigated others to condemn Her authority. The Church and State punished such crimes, when contumacious, as a measure of self-defense, just as the State today will take the life of a malefactor.

This oath sounds horrible to our delicate ears. But in the days of Faith men had strong convictions, and the persuasion that heresy and schism were more serious than bodily crimes was one of them. The latter deprived men of temporal life, the former of eternal life. Catholics, then as now, held to Christ's teaching: "He that believeth not shall be condemned": "If he will not hear the Church, let him be to thee as the heathen and the publican." However, times have changed. Today the Church does not regard those who hold erroneous doctrines in good faith (non-Catholics) in the same light as she did their ancestors. Only their ancestors were true rebels to the Pope. As a body, non-Catholics of today, they are where they are through no fault of their own. Consequently, the oath today means that the Bishops will do their utmost to maintain the Faith, and to propagate it by peaceful means among non-Catholics, "that all may be one."

Is it not strange that preachers will compass sea and land to find evidences of a persecuting spirit on the part of the Catholic Church, little thinking that their labors furnish evidence of their own persecuting spirit? Such things retard the progress of Christian Unity.

SIN AGAINST THE HOLY GHOST: ST. ISIDORE

(1) What is the sin against the Holy Ghost which cannot be forgiven? (2) Please give me a short sketch of the life of St. Isidore.—A. S., UNION CITY, N. J.

(1) According to some commentators of Holy Scripture, it is sinning against the light with full deliberation. Thus, the Pharisees attributed Our Lord's miracles, which He worked in order to prove His claim to be the Messias, to Beelzebub, the Prince of Devils (*Matt. 12:31, 32*). Their sin was especially against the Holy Ghost because it sprung from hatred and malice, which are directly contrary to divine goodness. Goodness is the peculiar property of the Holy Ghost. Other commentators hold that the sin against the Holy Ghost is the denial of Christ's divinity. Christ came upon earth to save all men. He performed His miracles to substantiate that claim. It is of supreme importance to believe in His divinity, because eternal life consists in

"knowing Jesus Christ." But one cannot know Him, as He wishes to be known, except one believes in His Godhead. Therefore, to deny His divinity, and to refuse maliciously to admit the force of the proofs which have been offered to verify Christ's claim, is to affront the very Spirit of God. Others, finally, assert that the sin against the Holy Ghost is final despair. When the sinner refuses to accept the grace of pardon, he leaves this world bereft of pardon,—not because his sins are too great to merit God's forgiveness, but because he wills not to be forgiven.

(2) We suppose that you refer to St. Isidore, the farmer, because he is the better known of the three saints by that name. He was born at Madrid about the year 1070, and died on May 15, 1130. He was employed on a farm near Madrid. He was a very devout man. Every morning he managed to hear Holy Mass before beginning his labor. This delayed him somewhat in beginning his work on the farm. His fellow laborers one day complained to the master that he ought to pay more attention to his work and leave off attending Mass. The master was sorry to hear this about Isidore, because he liked the man. But his anxiety was relieved one day, when, according to the legend, he saw an angel ploughing on each side of Isidore, so that Isidore's work, once he started, was equal to the efforts of three ordinary farm hands.

So great was his sanctity that God used him to bring back to life the dead daughter of his employer. On another occasion he is said to have caused a fountain of fresh water to spring from the dry earth in order to quench his master's thirst.

Isidore was a married man, and his wife, like himself, was very devout. After his death the application of his relics to the body of King Philip III of Spain cured the sovereign of a mortal disease. He was canonized by Gregory XV on March 12, 1622. He is venerated as the patron of laborers. His feast day falls on May 15.

TEXTS AND THEIR MEANING

(1) *What is the meaning and where can I find these texts: "Out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh"; and "For lo, the kingdom of God is within you."*

(2) *In "The Ideals of Reparation" by Raul Plus, S. J., is briefly mentioned Lucile X. He speaks of her sanctity, wisdom, and self-renunciation. Can you give me some further information concerning her?—A. M.*

(1) The thoughts which a man nourishes in his heart, (which is taken for the mind), will be revealed by his words. (Matt. 12:34). The Pharisees maliciously attributed Christ's cure of the blind and dumb man (verse 22) to Satanic power, whereas the people concluded that Christ was the Son of David. Thus Jesus revealed that they were hypocrites, for they felt equally with the people the force of Christ's deed, but because they hated him, they wished to turn back upon His head the effect of his wondrous deeds. Their wicked charge was evidence of their sinful hearts.

"The kingdom of God is within you." (Luke 17:20.) The sense of this passage is gathered from the context. The Pharisees asked Our Lord when the kingdom of God would come, that is, the advent of the Messiah. Jesus answered that the kingdom of the Messiah "cometh not with observation," that is, with regal pomp and outward splendor. No, it would come with simplicity, and those of an upright heart would recognize it by the works which Jesus performed. If the Pharisees would but purify their wicked hearts and cleanse their spiritual eye, they, too, would perceive that God in the person of Jesus was already in their very midst. Our Lord's words are a plea for sincerity of character.

(2) We have no knowledge of the devout woman whom you mention.

FOUR UNRELATED QUESTIONS

(1) *Is it a sin to believe in Predestination? Does God know from the moment of our birth to the moment of our death every single action we are going to perform? (2) When you make your Easter duty do you have to say: "This is my Easter duty"? (3) How can you tell that you have a vocation? Are you given some sign, or is it just some inward longing? (4) What kind of nuns nurse in leper colonies? Is there any leper colony in the United States?—M. W., DORCHESTER, MASS.*

(1) Predestination, understood in the Catholic sense, is a matter of Faith. God from eternity predestinates all men to eternal life, but seeing that some through their own fault will not correspond to divine grace, He permits them to be lost. God knows everything about everybody and everything, not only from the moment they begin to exist, but from eternity.

(2) No.

(3) God usually gives persons with a vocation to the religious state a strong attraction towards that manner of life. In determining this question the advice of a prudent and experienced confessor or director is a safe guide.

(4) The only leper hospital in the United States which we know of is located at Carville, La. Fourteen Sisters of Charity nurse the lepers in that institution.

VIRGINITY VERSUS MARRIAGE

Why is virginity as vowed in the convent regarded as a higher state than marriage?—W. J. J., LOS ANGELES, CALIF.

The doctrine that virginity is in itself a higher state than marriage is based on Our Lord's words in Matthew xix. 12: "There are eunuchs who were born so from their mother's womb: and there are eunuchs who were made so by men: and there are eunuchs who have made themselves eunuchs for the kingdom of heaven. He that can take, let him take it." Also upon the teaching of St. Paul in the First Epistle to the Corinthians, ch. vii.: "He that is without a wife, is solicitous for the things that belong to the Lord, how he may please God. But he that is with a wife, is solicitous for the things of the world, how he may please his wife: and he is divided. And the unmarried woman and the virgin thinketh on the things of the Lord, that she may be holy both in body and in spirit. But she that is married thinketh on the things of the world, how she may please her husband."

THE PELICAN IN CHRISTIAN ART

What is the religious significance of the pelican?—W. B. R., CHICAGO, ILL.

The pelican feeding its young with its own blood has been from time immemorial used as an emblem of our Lord as Redeemer of mankind. As a symbol the pelican has no Biblical authority. Its symbolic meaning is based on an error in natural history. On the tip of the pelican's long bill there is a crimson spot which gave rise to the belief among the ancient naturalists that the bird was feeding its young with its own blood, whereas it was simply pruning its feathers. Still the pelican has become and probably will always remain a recognized emblem in Christian art as a symbol of loving sacrifice. It may be of interest to mention that Dante in the thirteenth century calls our Savior *Il Nostro Pelicano* (Our Pelican). It is also mentioned in Shakespeare's "Hamlet" and Byron's "Giaour."

THE CODE OF CANON LAW

In your answers to questions you frequently make references to various Canons in the New Code of Canon Law. Would you please let me know where I can get an English translation of the Code?—R. M. B., PITTSBURGH, PA.

There is no translation in any language of the new Code of Canon Law. The Code is written in Latin and translations of it into other languages is forbidden. There are, however, various commentaries in English on the Code. Among these are "A Commentary and Summary of the New Code of Canon Law" by Rev. Stanislaus Woywod, O. F. M. (It is published by Joseph Wagner, New York. Price \$14.00); and also a Commentary (with summary) in eight volumes, by Rev. Charles Augustine, O. S. B. (Published by B. Herder Book Co., St. Louis, Mo. Price \$20.00). These books may be ordered through THE SIGN.

DENYING HOLY COMMUNION

Has a priest any right to refuse Holy Communion to a person who to his knowledge had committed a mortal sin right before?—F. X. W., PHILADELPHIA, PA.

The new Code of Canon Law (Canon 855) states that Holy Communion is to be refused to the *publicly unworthy*, that is, such as excommunicated persons, those who are under an interdict and those manifestly *infamous* unless, of course, they have repented of their sins and have repaired the public scandal they have given. If private sinners, however, present themselves *publicly* for Holy Communion and they cannot be refused without giving scandal, they are to be given Holy Communion even though they have not repented. On the other hand if such private sinners present themselves for Holy Communion *privately* they are to be refused.

GENERAL THANKSGIVINGS

I had a growth on my face for ten months. It was growing larger and giving me much trouble. One night my own hand went up and struck the sore. It bled all day. I looked in the glass and said, "St. Gabriel, are you going to leave that hole in my face?" By Monday there was not a trace of that growth.—M. B., NORTHPORT, N. Y.

I wish to acknowledge a great favor received through the intercession of the Little Flower and St. Jude. My father returned to the Church and received the Sacraments on his death bed, after having been away for thirty-eight years.—A. B., PITTSBURGH, PA.

My daughter has had a terrible illness for fourteen months. I prayed to your Fathers, who were murdered in China, that she might improve sufficiently to receive Holy Communion. This morning she was mentally normal and asked to receive Holy Communion.—M. S., ALTADENA, CAL.

Thanksgiving to the Sacred Heart of Jesus, the Blessed Virgin, St. Anthony, St. Gabriel, the Little Flower, St. Paul of the Cross, St. Joseph, and St. Jude, by the following: L. D., BROOKLYN, N. Y.; C. M. G., JERSEY CITY, N. J.; K. A. G., NORTH CAMBRIDGE, MASS.; F. M., MAYNARD, MASS.; H. H., YONKERS, N. Y.; K. M. C., BROOKLINE, MASS.; O. R. B., TERRE HAUTE, IND.; P. M. H., MAYNARD, MASS.; P. H., JERSEY CITY, N. J.; A. M. B., TICONDEROGA, N. Y.; D. H., NEW YORK, N. Y.; J. A. G., BROOKLYN, N. Y.; M. J. J., PORT CHESTER, NEW YORK, N. Y.; J. R., NEW YORK, N. Y.

THANKSGIVINGS TO ST JUDE

I lost money in an Iowa bank years ago. I got word this spring that there was nothing for me. I promised St. Jude that I would give half of whatever I got to the Chinese Missions if I were fortunate. Yesterday I received \$35.08.—M. H., AUBURN, IA.

Last February my brother was very ill in a hospital with absolutely no money to pay his bill. I made a novena in honor of St. Jude, and in a few days \$150 came from most unexpected sources.—S. M., BUFFALO, N. Y.

Sisters of Mercy, Bar Harbor, Me. E. H., GARY, IND. A. H., DORCHESTER, MASS. M. A. B.—M. B. C., CHICAGO,

ILL.; A. E. T., HARTFORD, CT.; M. F., JERSEY CITY, N. J.; J. F. T., TOLEDO, OHIO; C. O'C.—H. B., NEEDHAM, MASS.; E. T., CAMBRIDGE, MASS.; C. G., NORTH ANDOVER, MASS.; H. L., WASHINGTON, D. C.; M. C. S., SAN ANTONIO, TEX.; E. W., BROCTON, MASS.; V. A. B., FLUSHING, N. Y.; G. W. K., BROOKLYN, N. Y.; C. B. C., STRATFORD, CT.; A. S., CHICAGO, ILL.; A. D., NEWARK, N. J.; F. A. B., WOODHAVEN, N. Y.; V. L. F., DORCHESTER, MASS.; D. MCG., PHILADELPHIA, PA.; A. E. G., ERIE, PA.; H. M., PITTSBURGH, PA.; M. L. H., ARLINGTON, MASS.; P. J. B., BOSTON, MASS.; G. B., BROCTON, MASS.; A. L. M., HAZELTON, PA.; H. L. M., MALDEN, MASS.; A. J. T., WHITESTONE, N. Y.; M. E. B., PHILADELPHIA, PA.; M. MC., LYNN, MASS.; M. F., DORCHESTER, MASS.; A. E. G., LYNN, MASS.; E. D., HARRISON, N. J.; G. O'B., REVERE, MASS.; L. G. C., ALIQUIPPA, PA.; T. S., LOUISVILLE, KY.; I. C., CHICAGO, ILL.; K. V., NEWARK, N. J.; E. M. S., PITTSBURGH, PA.; M. J. O'N., SARANAC LAKE, N. Y.; T. G. S., PITTSBURGH, PA.; B. M. D., BROOKLINE, MASS.; M. D., HINSDALE, MASS.; T. J. R., BROOKLYN, N. Y.; M. M., BOSTON, MASS.; C. P., NORWOOD, MASS.; A. J. W., MILWAUKEE, WIS.; A. MCN., FOREST HILLS, N. Y.; F. R., HARRISON, N. Y.; M. H. H., BROOKLYN, N. Y.; J. P. K., CORONA, N. Y.; V. F., NEWARK, N. J.

EDITOR'S NOTE—In reply to a number of requests we wish to state that *THE SIGN* has gotten out a special pamphlet on St. Jude. Besides a sketch of his life, it contains occasional prayers and novena devotions in his honor. Almost every mail brings us notice of favors received through the intercession of this Apostle who has been for centuries styled "Helper in Cases Despaired Of." Copies of the pamphlet are 10 cents each or 15 for \$1.00.

Communications

PRAYER IN HONOR OF THE SACRED PASSION

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

I recited the following prayer nine times daily for nine consecutive days and I wish to make public acknowledgment that I obtained my request. As you are constantly promoting devotion to the Sacred Passion of Christ, perhaps sometime when space will permit you could print the prayer in order to acquaint others of its efficacy.

"Through the merits of Jesus Christ, through Thy Holy Cross and Sacred Passion, through Thy Five Holy Wounds, the Wounded Knees, the Bleeding Knees, the Bleeding Back, the Holy Shoulders, the Sacred Side, the Venerable Head, and the Adorable Face, through Thy Death and Glorious Resurrection, and whatever is pleasing to Thee in Heaven and on earth, I humbly beg and entreat Thee, Dear Lord, to be merciful and gracious to me and grant my request. O Jesus hear me, O Jesus help me, O Jesus save me, O Jesus have mercy on me."

NEWARK, N. J.

M. C.

AN OLD PRIEST SPEAKS

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

In looking over the March copy of *THE SIGN*, I noted your letter, "I am an old man now," etc., and read it with much interest.

I too, am no longer young. God willing, the 6th of September coming I celebrate my sixty-first birthday. I went to school at seven, quit at ten and never saw a class-room

again till thirty-four. Now I am pastor, sexton, Altar Society and Ladies Aid, all rolled into one. Aside from my pastoral work, I teach Catechism twice a week, clean the church, take care of the lawn in summer and look after the fires in winter. After the morning Mass I breakfast, shave and read short hours. Then comes the work in church or outside. After dinner (at twelve) I lie down for a half hour and at one o'clock take up spiritual reading and sermon preparation, followed by Matins and Lauds at two o'clock. Then I get out my car, and, if there be no visitation of the sick, drive out into the country and stop at a filling station in order to engage the natives in conversation and bring up the subject of Religion. That brings about personal contact and enables the crowd to ask the questions uppermost in their minds concerning the Church. Of course, one could not expect the city pastor to follow a similar course. Nevertheless, there is one great opportunity lying at their doors. Why not have an advanced class of Christian Doctrine for the youths and maidens, taking as their text-books such works as "The Faith of Our Fathers," "Clearing the Way," "Plain Facts for Fair Minds," etc.? In fact, an occasional review of the Catechism would not be amiss. You, no doubt, recall, my good Father, how in your seminary days the Catechism answer came in mighty handy. That course, I believe, would be a wonderful way to start the Guild work in every big parish. Think it over—and God love ye!

DUNN, N. C.

(REV.) JAMES F. GALLAGHER.

AN APPEAL TO CATHOLICS

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

It seems to me, I have heard it said, "Fools sometimes make wise remarks." With this thought in mind, I will suggest, that we Catholics ask ourselves, are we doing all we should do for the honor and glory of God? If we believe God is our truest and best friend, we should be willing to treat Him as such, and always ready to return His friendship. God speaks to us through His bishops and priests. They ask us for what is needed to carry on God's Will upon earth just as we ask help from God through His holy Mother and the Saints. The help we can give to God is of a financial nature, as it takes money to build churches, schools and other institutions of learning where young men are educated for the priesthood and many of these young men are poor. But they are the choice of God, and we are asked to help to prepare them to do His work here on earth. We should be glad to have a chance to do something for God's sake.

God loves the cheerful givers, has promised to reward them a hundredfold and we know He never broke a promise. Then let us trust all our spare money to Him and let us make an effort to spare a little often. It's the small amounts from the many that counts, and as God blessed the widow's mite, He shall also bless ours.

GRAND FORKS, NO. DAK.

W. P. McDONALD.

IF A JOKE IT WAS UNINTENDED

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

You have dropped your joke column as such, but you must agree with me, not the jokes. If it was intended as such, it was good, but if it was unintentional, it was a thousand times better.

"Is it right to pray for a baby under five years old?" The answer was given, "we suppose that you refer to adoption. There is nothing wrong in that." At first I thought that it was a printer's mistake, but on re-reading the sentence I could see how an editor, missing the obvious, saw what to me was most ludicrous. Of course, the poor woman, or man perhaps, was asking about the propriety of praying for the soul of a dead infant under five.

Imagine the post-man coming with THE SIGN. The anxious, doubtful questioner tears off the wrapper! Behold

the answer from the source of all true answers! "We suppose that you refer to adoption. There is nothing wrong in that!" The woman is stunned—bewildered. All the family is consulted. The neighbors are brought in. No light. Then the parish priest is consulted. Without avail. A suspicion of the editor avoiding an answer is quite general. The darkness lifts, however, when a worldly-wise sister comes, and she begins to see something funny. If not adoption, what then? Perhaps the editor knows another way besides prayer and adoption.

CLYDE, OHIO.

(REV.) G. H.

APPROVED WORKMEN

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

I have noticed in the past few issues of THE SIGN, articles and communications about Catholic Action. Some of these papers discuss the possibilities in this country of an informed, zealous Catholic laity, and the ways and means of creating such a body. Having this in view, I think it very appropriate to say something at this time about Approved Workmen.

Approved Workmen is a society for Catholic men who have attained the age of twenty-one years. It admits to membership any man who has been baptized and confirmed, and who is a regular communicant in the Catholic Church. When a man joins the society he enters on a two-year course of instruction in certain subjects; which instruction we believe will lead him to a consideration of the seriousness of life and the value of his soul. Since we aim at individual perfection a man receives individual instruction. Having completed the two years of preliminary work, our man begins an advanced course of study which, when completed, shall have imparted to him a view of the history of the Church, an appreciation of the Scriptures, and some knowledge of Christian Doctrine. It is intended to awaken in him a sense of the beauty of the Church, and, as a consequence of this feeling, a deep love for God. In other words, we hope to develop a body of men who will be spiritually strong; and who will not be embarrassed when an inquiring non-Catholic seeks information about their faith.

Like so many other undertakings that were purely spiritual in purpose, this society has had a rather hard, and sometimes discouraging struggle for existence. Its inception occurred a little over four years ago with a membership of two men. Since that time it has received many applications; and has suffered not a few desertions. At present its membership totals twenty-eight. Nevertheless it is steadily adding to its ranks men who are in earnest and who will be faithful, regardless of any misfortunes and disappointments. Although at the present time its membership is composed of residents of Greater New York, Approved Workmen is not designed to be a local society. The Statutes provide for the establishment of units wherever there are suitable men willing to take up the work. It is planned to be universal.

The meetings of the society have been held at various places during its short existence. At one time a class-room in St. John's College was used but this proved unsuitable as a meeting room. For the past few months through the kind invitation of Monsignor McGuinness the sessions have been held in the headquarters of the International Catholic Truth Society in Brooklyn. At this place we plan to formally institute Approved Workmen on June 30, the feast of St. Paul, the patron saint of our order.

An organization of this nature, we believe, may well take part in the work of Catholic Action. For, as our holy father Pope Pius XI envisions it, Catholic Action will not be carried on by a great single organization but rather by the cooperation of many different bodies. Each group will contribute its particular efforts towards the propagation of the teaching of the Catholic Church. It remains however for the Catholic layman to realize the beauty of the Church and the treasure that he possesses in the Catholic Faith be-

fore there can be any successful movement on the part of the laity. It is in this particular phase of the work that Approved Workmen hope to accomplish some genuine good.

I am taking the liberty of enclosing a little pamphlet that we have published. This explains in greater detail the nature of Approved Workmen and expresses more fully its purpose—namely, to supplement the work of other Catholic Organizations by helping the Catholic layman to develop a strong Christian spirit and a deep love for his God and Church.

CORONA, N. Y.

ANTHONY A. RYAN.

QUESTIONS IN THE SIGN POST

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

I enjoy reading your magazine very much, but I often wonder where some Catholics are educated when I see the questions sent to the SIGN POST. One would expect every child who had been instructed in a Catholic Sunday School to know the answers to the questions which are asked over and over again.

It is a disgrace to us to have so many members who are ignorant of the common, every day questions. I really believe they know them, but the trend of the times is to get the other fellow to think for you.

DORCHESTER, MASS.

M. M. S.

FATHER ANDREA

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

Fr. Andrea is a priestly character comparable, in a way, to the sainted Cure of Ars. The viewpoint, however, expressed in the short story of his life regarding his vocation is un-Christian. It contains the type of sophism found in "The Bridge of San Luis Rey," "The Cradle Song," and more recently in "Convent Girl." After stripping it of its speciousness "Father Andrea" by Pearl S. Buck is more deserving of a stern editorial rebuke than a place among your literature. At all events a concise explanatory note correcting Miss Buck's erroneous notion should have been appended to Rev. Editor's acknowledgment of the courtesy of "Asia" magazine.

An unrequited passion has ever been the favorite theme of non-Catholic litterateurs when writing of vocations to the priesthood or sisterhood. That a youth endowed with promising talents should depart from the world and shackle himself (or herself) to the burdens of an unworldly state is unintelligible to the ordinary Protestant. We Catholics know that a vocation is a supernatural call of God to a life of sacrifice for souls. But what says Miss Buck? "At last he would give himself to the poor (that is through the ministry of the priesthood as she patently implies) since Vitellia did not need him." (?)

"Because his Vitellia loved his brother more than him," to quote once more. This may indeed have urged Andrea to flee from his native Italian town, but to think that this disappointment in love was the cause of his celibate and obedient life (his Superior resided in Siccawei) or that it gave him strength to dress the ugly stumps of lepers or suffer the cold indifference of the Celestial upper class—and all this for a quarter of a century—is an absurd hypothesis. These are supernatural acts, the daily acts of the foreign missionary, and where is the man who is capable even physically of a supernatural act. It requires a supernatural help from God; which help we call Grace.

If the *raison d'être* of "Father Andrea" is to visualize "the lack of understanding and appreciation on the part of those for whose welfare he has sacrificed ambition, hope, and even life," as the Rev. Editor would have us understand, then its purpose is attained—but at what price? I am sure that you fail to appraise at their true value the naive tales written by your own confreres in which their untiring though futile endeavors to evangelize the Chinese are penned with far more eloquence than Miss Buck could ever hope to possess. Finally, by way of a supposition, if Rev. Editor

was to address a questionnaire to the Passionist Missionaries, how many would answer that he is in China because he had wooed some demure Vitellia and lost.

NEW YORK, N. Y.

PATRICK RILEY, L.L.D.

EDITOR'S NOTE: The story of Father Andrea was called to our attention by two of our Chinese missionaries who said that nothing they had read so portrayed the poignant disappointment that comes at times to every foreign missionary, as did Miss Buck's description. The love element was of minor importance. Besides, God uses all sorts of means to lead souls to His unreserved service.

BACK TO TEMPERANCE

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

As a reader of THE SIGN I have been concerned and somewhat disturbed by the growing tendency in your editorial department and elsewhere to throw the weight of your influence among the faithful against the enforcement of the eighteenth amendment.

As a Catholic I cannot quite understand how clerics, led to devote themselves through a call to a life of spiritual effort for the betterment of the race, can find it compatible with the sacrament they celebrate, to take a stand against the success of movements aimed at removing from our midst a deadly enemy to spiritual growth. To argue in defense of such a stand a desire to conserve individual liberty of action is the merest twaddle since such an argument is applicable with equal force to the licensing of prostitution and the placing of a public excise upon the sale of opium. Two very important considerations have led me to write you:

In the first place, as I understand it, your magazine is one devoted to the development of spiritual values. To use it for secular or political purposes which influence its readers to condone violations of law is to debase it and cast discredit upon the name it bears. In the second place, even admitting partisan discussion of the eighteenth amendment to be a legitimate part of your program, I wish to ask you seriously man to man, whether it is the part of honorable editorial procedure to confine such participation to sarcasm, innuendo, insinuation and ridicule.

Lest you feel that I am unjust in this latter remark, I enclose clippings from one of your recent numbers which bear out the truth of my statement.

I wonder if it has dawned upon you that there are thousands, perhaps millions of Catholics in this country who are as wholeheartedly and earnestly in favor of strict prohibition as you and your confreres seem to be against it.

I wonder if you appreciate that these hosts are pained and humiliated at the spectacle of prominent clerics from a cardinal down, outspoken in foolish argument against this welfare program.

As one of these I object to such representation of the Catholic stand upon this important question and I am writing in the hope that my objection may have some weight in purging your paper of the unwholesome feature to which I have referred.

WELLESLEY HILLS, MASS.

JOSEPH B. EAGAN.

EDITOR'S NOTE: Mr. Eagan bases his charges chiefly on two humorous bits published in *Categorica*. Mr. H. L. Menken described a Catholic fanatical dry as a man having "a Catholic soul and a Methodist liver." He might also be charged with lacking a sense of humor. Our attitude towards Prohibition can be briefly stated: As a religious principle it is the old heretical Manichean principle revised; as a political procedure it leaves much to be desired. Only the other day President Hoover reminded the members of the Women's Christian Temperance Union that "too many people have come to rely wholly upon the strong arm of the law to enforce abstinence, forgetting that the cause of temperance has its strong foundations in the conviction of the individual of the personal value to himself of temperance in all things."

The King of Kings

WHOSE REIGN BEGAN FROM HIS DEATH

By FRANCIS SHEA, C.P.

FROM the beginning Jesus was set as a sign that should be contradicted. Prophetic language declared that He would be a stone of stumbling and a rock of offense to the two houses of Israel. Again in Isaiah, the Lord says: "I will proceed to cause an admiration in this people by a great and wonderful miracle: for wisdom shall perish from her wise men and the understanding of their prudent men shall be hid." (Is. 29-14.)

Men wise in their own conceits were forever baffled when they studied His personality by the light of unaided reason and those crafty ones who sought to ensnare Him were at every turn confounded. The first attempt on His life occurred in His own home town of Nazareth. He had lived among these people for nearly thirty years and then set out to begin His public ministry.

After working miracles in different parts of Galilee, He returned to Nazareth "where He was brought up." "But He wrought not many miracles there because of their unbelief." He reproached them for it by showing from the Sacred Text that no prophet was accepted in his own country. Then we see the amazing spectacle — His own townsmen rushed Him to the brow of the hill with the intention of casting Him down headlong, but He saved himself by a manifestation of His own power. The reason for this act of theirs is well expressed in their own bewildered words: "How come this man by His wisdom and miracles? Is not this the carpenter's son? Is not His Mother called Mary and His brethren James and Joseph and Simon and Jude. And His Sisters, are they not all with us? Whence therefore hath He all these things?" (Matt. 13: 54-58).

Later He brought confusion on His enemies by asking in effect: "How can David's son be at the same time David's Lord?" When He cured the Man born blind, He made clay and spread it over the sightless eyes. Being the Sabbath this was considered by the Pharisees as a violation of the law which forbade work. They said therefore:

"This man is not of God who keepeth not the Sabbath." But others said: "How can a man that is a sinner do such miracles?" and there was division among them." (John 9.) He was indeed a stone of stumbling and a rock of offense.

But the most puzzling of all the conflicting elements in His life was His title of royalty. The records showed that He was of the royal house of David. Three kings from the East came to Bethlehem asking: "Where is He that is born King of the Jews? For we have seen His star in the East and are come to adore Him." (Matt. 2-2.) They found Him at last and saw that His palace was a stable; His throne, a manger of straw; His retinue, His mother and foster-father; His serv-



ants, an ox and an ass. There was no crown, sceptre, legions or a kingdom. And yet in all seriousness they paid Him homage and gave Him costly gifts as tribute.

Born a King and honored as such, He never claimed the title. When the enthusiastic people were about to take Him by force and make Him king He fled from them into the mountain. The same enthusiasm greeted Him as He rode toward Jerusalem on the Sunday before His Passion. They spread their garments before Him and strewed palm branches in the way as they sang: "Blessed be the King who cometh

in the name of the Lord, peace in heaven and glory on high!" (Luke 19-38.) But in this royal welcome, amid this tumult of acclaim the lonely Christ moves on blinded by tears of frustrated love.

A King by birth, by a popular election and by a public reception He yet refrains from accepting the throne and sceptre. He seems to be awaiting a more favorable occasion for accepting the dignity. But in a few days, friendless and alone, He stands bound as a prisoner before the Roman Procurator. He is accused of many things! "We have a law and according to that law He ought to die because He made Himself of the Son of God." (John 19-7.) "We have found this Man perverting our nation, and forbidding to give tribute to Caesar and saying that He is Christ, the King." (Luke 2: 3-2.) The first accusation meant nothing to the pagan Pilate who knew that hundreds of gods were worshipped by his own countrymen; the second he attributed to their envy of the young Teacher's popularity (Mark 15-10); the third he knew was a lie, for the brilliant answer of Jesus to their crafty question was already a proverb in the country: "Render to Caesar the things that are Caesar's and to God the things that are God's." But the last engaged his attention.

Jesus was popular, spoke with wisdom and authority, performed wondrous works. All this might urged Him to claim the title of king. He put a direct question to Jesus: "Art Thou the king of the Jews?" And then for the first time He makes His claim to royalty and that to the representative of the Roman Empire: "Thou sayest it—I am a King." To guide the conscience of Pilate in the conduct of the trial, He added: "My kingdom is not of this world."

FROM that moment the trial centered on this fact. Six times Pilate declared the innocence of Jesus and four times the Jews clamored for His death by crucifixion. They won their case when they struck terror into the soul of Pilate first by saying: "If thou release this man, thou art not Caesar's friend.

For whosoever maketh himself a king, speaketh against Cæsar;" then by declaring: "We have no king and Cæsar." There is here, indeed, a medley of contradictions. Pilate who represented the Roman Emperor in Judea and whose interests he was bound to protect insisted throughout that Jesus was the King of the Jews.

On the other hand, the Jews who were always in rebellion against Roman authority declared in favor of Cæsar. Pilate condemns Jesus to death, but gives as the cause of his action the simple, emphatic statement written in Hebrew, Greek and Latin: "Jesus of Nazareth, King of the Jews." Bearing in mind that the term "King of the Jews" meant the long expected Messiah, their royal Deliverer, we see the perfidy of the chosen people. Even if we suppose that Jesus was not the expected one, they nevertheless made a formal and public declaration before Roman authority that they had no king but Cæsar. Not only was the sceptre taken away from Juda but it was formally and explicitly renounced.

AMID this strife between Pilate and the chief-priest, Jesus stood silently by. He had in the meantime been subjected to an ignominious ceremony in which He was crowned with thorns, robed in a purple rag, offered scornful salutations and given a reed for a sceptre. Now He goes in search of a throne and a kingdom. Now He sets out to vindicate His kingly title and place it beyond dispute. For it had been decreed that "God shall reign from a tree." And Jesus Himself had confirmed the decree: "When I shall be lifted up from the earth, I will draw all things to Myself."

His was not to be the easy way. He would not be King by what seemed to be the simple accident of birth; nor by popular election since it came so soon after the miracle of the multiplication of bread; nor by the applause, and admiration that greeted His appearance after His long absence, that is, since the raising of Lazarus from the dead. He was to acquire His kingdom through conquest and purchase; it was to be confirmed to Him everlastingly by His Father. He was to be unique among kings because His reign was to begin with His Death.

He thus became King by right of conquest. Satan was the ruler of this darkness and man was his willing

subject. He was the strong man armed who kept his house and ruled it with an iron hand. But Jesus came, stronger than he, and overcame him; He took away the armor wherein he trusted and distributed his spoils. The prince of this world was an usurper and like all such rulers was a hard and galling one. He was a deceiver, a liar and a murderer, until He came to oppose him—He Who was the Way, the Truth and the Life.

The struggle was fierce and bitter and bloody; there was no place for compromise; in the nature of the case, a truce was impossible. The conflict reached a climax on Calvary and the Captain of our salvation died in exquisite agony. But His triumph was a most glorious one. He snatched from everlasting burning and saved from eternal death those whom the



Father had given Him. He took them from the power of darkness and led them into the marvelous light of His Kingdom.

He became on the Cross a King by the title of purchase. By the breath of His mouth and the word of His power, man became a living soul. But man was not duly grateful for so great a benefit and valued at very little such great condescension. By sin he contracted a debt that he could not pay. But Jesus paid the debt. For man was not redeemed by gold or silver or any such corruptible thing but by the precious Blood of Christ—The Lamb unspotted and undefiled. (1 Peter: 1-18.) Nor was the payment an easy matter. Man was in the debtor's prison and could not come out until he paid the last farthing; but Jesus paid the entire price at the cost of infinite suffering and painful obedience and dreadful humiliations. By right of purchase, Jesus is King.

And His Kingship was confirmed by His Father, Who had said to Him: "Ask of Me and I will give Thee the Gentiles for Thy inheritance and the uttermost parts of the

earth for Thy possession." On the day of His birth He could have had a kingdom as a gift from His Father. But having preferred to battle for it against Satan and to purchase it from His Father by His Blood, He is confirmed in its possession forever: "I am appointed King by Him over Sion, His holy mountain, preaching His commandment." (Is. 2.)

The Gentiles may rage and the people devise vain things; the kings of the earth may stand up in protest and the princes meet together to devise schemes, but we see Jesus, for the suffering of death, crowned with glory and honor. Clothed with a garment sprinkled with blood, He has on His garment and on His thigh written: "King of Kings and Lord of Lords." (Apoc. 19.) "He humbled Himself and became obedient unto death of the Cross. For which cause God has exalted Him and has given Him a name that is above all names; that in the name of Jesus every knee should bow, of those that are in heaven, on earth and under the earth and that every tongue should confess that the Lord Jesus Christ is in the glory of God the Father." (Phil. 2: 7-11.)

It is from the Cross then that Jesus reigns. It is there that His true and loyal subjects are found. It is there alone that they can realize that His Kingdom is not of this world, for the Crucified Christ is a Sign that is still contradicted. Derided as a fool, yet in Him are hid all the treasures of wisdom and knowledge. Dying between two thieves, He saves and sanctifies the sinful race of men. Challenged to come down from the Cross to prove His Kingship, He chooses to acquire that title by conquest, by purchase and as a reward from His Father.

THE FIGURE of Christ, the King, emerges from the apparent contradictions of His life and death. So too those who worship Him in spirit and in truth, who offer to Him the homage of loyal service, will find a straight path through the crooked ways of worldliness. They will never consider business as something distinct from honesty; they will not try to reconcile purity with "broad-mindedness." It was exactly this spirit of compromise in Pilate and in the Jews that crucified Jesus Christ. And now His true subjects are those who give Him an uncompromising love and service.

The Beechen Casket

THAT WAS CHERISHED BY DONOCH MACLOUGHLIN

By SHIEL MACDARA

HERE was a hermit named Ruarc O'Toole living one time in a stone cell in the Glen of the Oaks, and he was a very clever woodworker. He could carve a piece of oak or ash or beech to the most pleasing shape, and ornament it so skilfully that you knew at once it had come from the hands of an artist.

Many of the beautiful things that he wrought are yet to be found amongst the homes of Lishbeg, but most of them have been scattered throughout Ireland and other countries and are prized as examples of delicate and unique craftsmanship, in which any person could well take pride. One of these finely-carven products was for a long time cherished by Donoch MacLoughlin, the old shepherd and homely historian of Lishbeg, to whom it had been given by a relative of Ruarc O'Toole. It was a casket of beechwood, very solid, but graceful in its proportions, looking somewhat like a box for trinkets, or the case in which a fine lady might keep her jewels. The lid and the four sides were chiselled and embossed with rare skill, so that the designs of warriors and saints amid horses and chariots were at once striking and picturesque. Graven on the lid was a representation of the friary of Lishbeg, with the figure of a monk, holding a chalice in his hand, on one side of it, and a man threshing with a flail on the other. It was all very cunningly and truthfully done. There was no mark of awkwardness or carelessness or uncertainty upon it. With ease and vigor the artist seemed to have accomplished his aim, so that the beechen casket delighted the eye, and appealed even to the sense of touch, on account of its shapeliness, its strong, graceful lines, and the beauty of its chiselled adornment.

While it remained in Lishbeg it was the pride of every person in the parish, and was cherished as a specimen of the woodworker's art, whose perfection few craftsmen could hope to equal, and very, very few indeed hope to surpass. For it possessed three qualities in an exquisite degree—simplicity, originality, and loveli-

ness—and perhaps that is why it did not remain in Lishbeg. Some person with a hunger for the bread of beauty, or some person who knew that it would surely fetch a high price, had cast covetous eyes upon it; had reached a covetous hidden hand towards it, and removed it mysteriously from Donoch MacLoughlin's keeping.

It was stolen from him, he knew not by whom. He knew only that he had set the precious casket in its accustomed place, and that when he sought it later it was not where he had left it. It was not in the house at all. It had vanished as surely as if the earth had opened and swallowed it. At that time he had not lost any light of his memory, and could recollect events as clearly as any other intelligent person, so that it cannot be said he might have mislaid the casket, or forgotten the exact spot in which his treasure reposed. He was quite certain that a thief had snatched it away from him in the secretive manner of thieves, with all their quickness and treacherous evil cleverness. And in the casket of beech there had been taken away from him a sheaf of manuscripts which he had deemed worthy to store in it—the very first fruits of his penmanship!

In that carven shrine, which was so eloquent of the hermit's wonderful gift, had gone a score, or more, of manuscripts which were eloquent enough of Donoch's own slight gifts as a scribe. These stolen writings were not "little histories," such as he penned in later years, which are entirely concerned with "things that were, and might be again." They were little tales of the imagination which had nothing to do with history, or with a real place like the parish of Lishbeg. They were not about people like the Blayneys, or Trenmore Jerningham, or the Red-Haired Woman, but about persons that he pictured to himself in his mind who never lived in the world at all. They were quaint stories of "things that might have been, and

might never be," which he had tried to write when he was younger than he is now—and a great deal wiser, he says.

When he had written these stories he was not much pleased with them; he was also a shade nervous about the name his good neighbors would give him for such a foolish use of his time; but he held to his opinion that the stories were not worthless enough for destruction. So he had gathered a score or more of them together, and having a peculiar notion that there might be some virtue of wisdom attaching to the hermit's good casket, he placed his sheaf of papers in it, as if they were documents of high value instead of poorly-fashioned inventions of his mind.

And in a child-like way he was gratified to observe that the papers fitted neatly into the box, without creasing or curling, as if it had been made on purpose to hold them. For all Donoch knew, perhaps it had been.

WHEN the article of beechwood was pilfered from him, and he was greatly annoyed, greatly downcast and confused, but very determined upon tracing the thief. His efforts, however, proved futile. He had not the slenderest clue to aid him, and there was not any person whom he suspected of envy or ill-will towards him, for his neighbors were all upright, God-fearing folk, who would never disgrace themselves or the parish of Lishbeg by stealing so much as a pin. And yet the beechen casket had disappeared from Donoch's house—Donoch began to believe the robber very mysterious, indeed, and that it might well be the truth that no human person had taken the casket. It displayed such an amount of beauty and fine workmanship that it was likely in every respect to appeal to supernatural visitors—to a ghost or to a fairy—and would tempt them to what human creatures call dishonesty, but which a simple wandering spirit might not call dishonesty at all.

His neighbors were very sorry for

Donoch in his grievous loss. They pitied him, and tried to uplift him from the dispirited mood that darkened on him. They knew well what high store Donoch set by the little box of Ruarc O'Toole's chiselling. They had all greatly admired the loveliness of it, and would have been in a bad humor themselves if they had lost it. But while they sympathized with him, they did not know that Donoch MacLoughlin had suffered a two-fold loss, for he had not said a word to them about the documents which were in the unique casket when it disappeared. And he never mentioned them later, though he was constantly vigilant for any sign of them, and very sensitive regarding the use to which they might be put by the person who had unlawful possession of them.

DONOCH did not long continue to be melancholy. He grew cheerful, and resigned to his misfortune, which could have been greater, and was at the least a sure proof that he had been privileged to possess the gifted hermit's masterpiece. It was a proof of more than that, for it showed clearly that the thief, whoever he was, had a strong desire to possess beautiful things. He might, indeed, be the means of delighting many a one with a sight of the casket, which would have otherwise remained hidden away in Donoch's modest dwelling.

Donoch was patient; he was besides hopeful that the truth would be revealed to him at some further time—perhaps in an uncommon manner, with a touch of mystery in it. And time, which healed so soon the injury that a thief had inflicted on him, was also destined to bring Donoch rich guerdon for his patience . . .

One evening, while Donoch was sitting alone in his cottage, young Coelan O'Carroll, a son of rich Raymond of the Big House, came unexpectedly to the door. He had just returned from Dublin, where he was studying at the university, and proving—as Donoch predicted he would prove—that some of the best brains in Ireland are in Lishbeg. The old man greeted the youth affectionately, but gazed with surprise and curiosity at what Coelan held towards him; for Donoch had long since forgotten the beechwood casket, its history, its loss, and the manuscripts once enshrined in it. And it was the hermit's finely-wrought beechen casket

which Coelan O'Carroll held now in his hand!

"Coelan, a mhic, but 'tis the lovely little box you've brought home with you," said Donoch, raising mild eyes of wonder to the lad's eager face. "Is it that they're training you in the university to make beautiful ornaments like that?"

"Look at it, Donoch," Coelan said earnestly as he met the old man's inquiring glance. "Look at it very carefully now. Can't you see that it is a thing which is older than I am?"

Donoch did not look at it for some moments. He looked at the winning, keen countenance of the youth who spoke to him. He searched the boy's eyes for the meaning beneath his speech. Then he looked at the box that resembled a jewel-case. He touched it; ran his hand over the carving; fingered the bosses and relief in the etching of the wood; leaned back a little and studied the design on one of the sides. Coelan O'Carroll watched him intently, and with pleasure. Some sense of pathos moved him to speak at once.

"Do you remember Ruarc O'Toole?" Coelan asked quietly. "My father has told me about him, you know."

"Ruarc O'Toole who loved Maradh MacDornain . . . ? Ruarc . . . He became a hermit in the Glen o' the Oaks. It was fine clay—fine, fine clay, Coelan—that went to the shaping o' Maradh MacDornain and Ruarc O'Toole . . . And . . . And . . ." Donoch halted strangely.

"What is it?" asked the boy, noting the peculiar expression on Donoch's paling face.

"Coelan, Coelan . . . It is—it is the beechen casket that Ruarc made . . . !"

Donoch's words were a childlike, sobbing, incredulous cry. He bent towards Coelan with a beseeching look and gesture.

"I'll swear it is the casket Ruarc made—the casket my father told me was stolen from you. He often described it to me. Take it to the window," said Coelan. "Examine it closely and make certain it is yours."

Trembling, dazed alike by the overpowering flash of remembrance and the sudden restoration of the casket, Donoch arose and went to the window, at which he stood for some time, considering the box as if it were a beautiful reliquary enclosing the miraculous and priceless. On every glance, in every movement of

his hands, there was discernible something of a tender reverence.

"Tell me," said Coelan, slightly impatient to hear Donoch's judgment, "isn't it the casket that was stolen from you?"

"It is, it is," replied Donoch. "I have examined it, and found the marks by which I would surely know it. And yourself, Coelan—sure, I cannot thank you! By-and-by I will be better able to speak to you. I am shaking like a leaf this minute, and my mind is confused."

"Come out into the open air," said Coelan, taking the casket from his tremulous fingers. "I have had my thanks in every word you said, and in every single thing you did. Why, I'm as proud as a peacock this minute! But, Donoch, you frightened me, you know, when you cried out those great words of recognition. It is I who should be shaking like a leaf!"

"You have a great right to be proud, a mhic," said Donoch, laying his hand on the youth's shoulder as they went out. "Bringing this beautiful piece o' workmanship back to Lishbeg—where in the world did you find it, Coelan?"

"In a little curio shop along the quays of Dublin. There it was, shapely and distinctive, among a lot of antiques and shadows of the past."

Coelan held it up and admired it in the sunshine. Donoch's admiration was just then for the boy who held it, at whose clear, well-chiselled face he looked with pride-lit eyes.

"I like the way you said that, Coelan," he remarked whimsically.

"It is a good description of it—'shapely and distinctive amongst a lot of antiques and shadows o' the past.' Maybe that is the way Ruarc hoped it would be when he brought his chisel to the timber."

"Splendid anywhere," said Coelan. "And see how the good wood has mellowed with time. Here and there, too, you can catch a gleam in the polish of it. I wish to God I could make a thing like that with my own two hands!"

"Every man to his trade," said Donoch . . .

IT WAS later in the evening when I went to Donoch's cottage, on business of some urgency, that he recollected the store of manuscripts which he had long ago placed in the

beechen casket. My coming to him, to speak about the "little history" of Sheila Joyce, reminded him, no doubt, of those other tales of "what might have been, and might never be," which he mentioned then for the first time. It was then also that I heard first the history of the beechen casket, which we decided to set down on paper, for inclusion with the "little histories" previously recorded. And it was during the same visit that Donoch, having opened the casket, found it quite empty, and gazed forlornly down upon the beautiful vale that environs Lishbeg.

"They are gone," said Donoch, his wistful speech reminiscent of the closing lines of "Knocknagow." "The little manuscripts are gone."

There was a moment of silence—of silence that seemed, queerly, grey and bitter and cold. Then, with a sudden quickening of my heart, a foolish delight in my own thought, I drew from my pocket a copy of the "Carrickfoyle Weekly Reporter," a newspaper of high repute in the neighborhood of Lishbeg.

"Wait, Donoch," I said, and unfolded the spacious pages quickly.

For it was well-nigh incredible that the very errand on which I had come should be now like a clear message of hope. Quiet and patient, Donoch turned to me.

"THIS is an announcement in the 'REPORTER,'" I began. Quiet and patient, Donoch listened to me while I read:

"In our next issue we shall begin the publication of a unique series of Short Stories entitled

"QUEER PEOPLE."

The authorship of these remarkable tales is shrouded in mystery. For the privilege of publishing them in our columns we are indebted to the kindness of Mr. Ivor MacCaffrey of Carrickfoyle, in the custody of whose family they have been for many years. They are now made public for the first time, and will, we feel confident, make instant appeal to every reader of the "WEEKLY REPORTER" at home and abroad . . ."

"Ivor MacCaffrey," said Donoch, frowning, "Ivor MacCaffrey o' Carrickfoyle. That's a nephew o' Colga—a nephew o' King MacCaffrey o' Glendhoo. I wonder, now . . ."

Donoch fell silent and meditative. He was obviously trying to remember incidents of old, in which Mr. Colga MacCaffrey had figured.

"No, then," he said with certitude.

"Colga MacCaffrey was no great friend o' mine. It was seldom the King set foot in my house."

"Were there any scribes or historians in King MacCaffrey's family? Anyone who might have written remarkable tales like these . . .?"

I pointed to the paragraph in the "WEEKLY REPORTER." Donoch shook his head. In his mild eyes there was perplexity. He was dissatisfied either with his memories or his reasoning.

"There was a manuscript—a foolish manuscript," he said, like one whose speech is slightly out of accord with his reflections. "Did I tell you the little history o' Quillan Dermody's parchment?"

"You did, Donoch. I think Colga MacCaffrey was not very thankful to you, for your opinion of it."

"There was jealousy," said Donoch. "He had some share o' spite in him. But I can't picture anything clearly to myself. Colga MacCaffrey was seldom in the house. We are maybe blaming him . . . No; I can't remember at all how the little casket and the little manuscripts were taken away from me. It is—it is surely shrouded in mystery, as that good man says in his paper."

"The nephew will help us," I said. "But first of all, I'll ride to Carrickfoyle to-morrow morning and ask Ternoc O'Dwyer, of the 'REPORTER' to let me see the manuscripts. That's why I came to you this evening—to inquire if any of your little histories might have gone astray. You could have lent them or lost them, like the story of Rogert Tierney, or the strange tale of the Witch of Ervagh, that you were so troubled to find a few weeks ago."

"O many's the little history has vanished from me. Many's the one. But surely no person would be using them on me like that," said Donoch, questioning me with truthful eyes. "Even this Ivor MacCaffrey, if he knew the truth . . . But maybe the tales o' the queer people aren't my own at all."

"I'm a very suspicious person, Donoch. It is a good sign to see that Ivor MacCaffrey is not the author of the stories. He isn't like some youngsters, who would pretend they had written the tales themselves."

"But that would surely be dishonest."

"It would, Donoch. But when vain young people get the notion

that there's glory in printer's ink, and greatness in making little stories, they will sometimes pilfer a story that takes their fancy."

"There ought to be a good, sharp law against it," said Donoch, looking as if he would like to enact at that moment his own special statute for the rebuke of delinquents.

"There is a law against it," I informed him. "Sometimes the fool is sharply punished for his folly. And sometimes he isn't."

"They are likely more knaves than fools," Donoch opined. "I remember a dark woman from the city, Aureia Mendel was her name—but I can't think o' the young lad's name. He was a boy from Gorthacauran . . ."

"Why, Donoch, that was the story you wrote on Malachi Breslin's tea-paper! It was only last week that I transcribed it from the little ragged pages. I gave you a copy of it. Don't you remember Firbis O'Kennedy and the gramophone records?"

"Well, well, well! Isn't it strange I would forget it so soon? To be sure, you gave me a copy of it. Haven't I them all stored neatly over there in the beautiful casket that Ruarc O'Toole cut from the beech? I warrant you, it will not disappear from me again as if Ruarc had given wings to it."

HE BROUGHT forth the casket and displayed the copies of his quaint histories, reposing in it like precious records—annals resurrected from the archives of Lishbeg.

"I'd like well to know how it disappeared," said I, with my hand upon the casket's beaded rim. "It would make a fine ending to the story, if we only knew the manner of it. If these tales in the 'REPORTER' happen to be yours, Donoch. I'm sure Ivor MacCaffrey will be able to throw a little light on their history."

"Tales o' what might have been and might never be," said Donoch, as if to himself. "I can't recollect it now: how I used to spend the long evenings and I busy composing them. It was then I came out o' my imprisonment in the Caves o' Cairnech—the time I persuaded poor Mary Doyle to marry Hishon MacNeill. But these tales might be different entirely."

We talked for some time about the tales of "what might have been, and might never be." As we went slowly down the road towards Lishbeg, we

met old Grellan Fitzpatrick driving home to Glendhoo. He had been to the priest's house. Eina Spillane, who was in the spring-cart with Grellan, beckoned to us when we came in sight, and they drew rein at Brioch O'Moore's gable. Brioch himself came out then, and the three of us stood around the cart while Grellan and Eina gave us the tidings—as well as a restive young horse would permit them—of Colga MacCaffrey's illness.

"Colga is dying," said Grellan. "That's why I was at the priest's house."

AT THE words I could see how Donoch was startled. And his face changed a little; the wrinkles in it seemed to deepen, the eyes seemed to dilate; to shed a fine light of seriousness over the aged features. He gave me a look that I understood.

"Glendhoo will be a lonesome place if King MacCaffrey goes," said Brioch, smoking only his clay pipe solemnly. "Many's the needy one will miss him. I will miss him myself. I'm not ashamed to say he bailed me with the bank for forty pound, one year that the times was bad."

"Colga is dying, and I didn't see him this five months," said Donoch. "A little while ago we were speaking about himself and the newhew—"

"Only this day," said Eina Spillane, holding the rail of the cart as the young horse swerved, "only this day Colga was asking about yourself, Donoch. I think he would like to see you."

"It is a strange thing . . . a strange thing. It is like a sign to me . . ."

Donoch paused. I saw Brioch O'Moore's long lean face quickening with curiosity as he watched him.

"I will lock the door, and go up to Glendhoo this evening," said Donoch then, with decision, "I will go down to see yourself in the morning, please God."

He turned to me. Brioch O'Moore turned also, and gave me a searching look which suggested that I was almost as much of an enigma to him as Donoch was. Brioch was the mystified person who had said that Donoch and myself were "going about like a pair of conspirators in a secret society, colloquing together like father and son." He listened attentively to my brief reply to Donoch.

"I'll be back from Carrickfoyle about eleven o'clock," I said. "Both of us may know a good deal more by that time than we know now."

Brioch bent his quizzical glance alertly on Donoch, as if to discern the effect upon him of a remark which could mean as much, or as little, as you took the trouble to guess. But Donoch had wheeled towards Grellan Fitzpatrick, who was telling him there was plenty of room in the cart. We exchanged a few further words concerning Colga MacCaffrey's ailment. Then Brioch said:

"Here's his reverence on the grey cob with the bobbed tail—the speediest cob I ever seen steppin'. Up with you, Donoch, till Grellan pulls out o' the way."

They drove off rapidly; halted at Donoch's cottage; and then took the road to Glendhoo. As I went homeward, I recalled odd remarks which I had more than once heard Donoch make.

"The friendship of old people," he used to say, "is a strange and holy thing. And the prayers of old people are not like the prayers o' young people. For old people stand close to the door o' mystery—close to the gates of eternity, with their fingers on the latch, you might say. You have their company this day, and the next day, maybe, they are the other side o' the gate, and the door is shut behind them. But surely they would be thinkin' o' the ones that left them home. They would be quick to remember them and intercede for them. It is a good thing to love old people, and to be kind to them. But it might be a selfish thing . . ."

Next morning I went to Carrickfoyle. I met Ternoc O'Dwyer in the old-fashioned office in the Main Street, where the Weekly Reporter has been published for more than a hundred years. I knew that, in a sense, my errand was not a compliment to the relatives of Ivor MacCaffrey—but it was certainly a tribute to the remarkable tales whose authorship was shrouded in mystery. It was a commendable thing to try to remove the shroud. And it was scarcely officious to be very eager to trace Donoch's missing tales of "what might have been, and might never be." So, without a single qualm, I requested Ternoc O'Dwyer to allow me a glance at the stories entitled "Queer People." He produced the manuscripts at once, proudly.

I had not read twenty lines of the second tale, when I perceived that my quest was ended. Here, beyond all doubt, was the mind and the style of my gifted old friend! I felt somewhat triumphant; exceedingly glad, for Donoch's sake; but not surprised. It was Ternoc O'Dwyer who was surprised—and slightly incredulous—when I had recounted the reasons for my intrusion.

"But how the devil did the manuscripts get into the MacCaffrey family?" he inquired. "Ivor's uncle told him they were in Glendhoo for generations."

"That little mystery remains to be solved," I said hopefully. "Donoch may learn something from the King."

"The King? What King?"

"Colga MacCaffrey. They give him that title because of certain romantic claims he has made to kingship and ancient splendors. And I heard yesterday that he is dying. Perhaps we shouldn't speak to his nephew for a few days at least."

"But we have announced publication. The printers have the first story in type."

"Publish away, then. Donoch will raise no objection. To reveal him as the author will only increase the local interest."

"I'll tell you what you'll do for me," said Ternoc, brightening. "Write up the complete blessed mystery as an introduction to the set of 'QUEER PEOPLE.' I'll be very much obliged if you do that. We'll defer publication for a week, and sift things a bit in the meantime. I'd like to meet this interesting Donoch person—and the romantic King, too. I hope he will not die yet awhile."

"Donoch would be greatly pleased to meet a newspaper man. I'm not so sure about poor Olga," I said as I produced a few of Donoch's later manuscripts, whose author I invited Ternoc O'Dwyer to meet whenever he had time to visit Lishbeg.

AT A table we spent half-an-hour comparing the earlier manuscripts with the more recent. It was a task of much interest. The stories had, plainly, been composed by the same person; but there was a striking contrast between the two groups. Briefly, it was the difference betwixt youth and age; between fancy and reality; smooth rhyme and rugged prose.

Having agreed to write the introduction suggested by Ternoc

O'Dwyer, I set out for Lishbeg. It was a bright May morning, with the rivalry of corncrakes in the green meadows, and the first cuckoos calling softly from clear hill to clear hill. As Donoch MacLoughlin would say, it was a morning that put you in mind of old times, with a big breath of the ripening summer in it, and beauty weaving everywhere. There was kind promise in it; fulfillment, too; all the fineness of labor and of life. On such a morn a man would surely wish to live; he would strive greatly not to die.

I THOUGHT of Colga. And then, at the little bridge, with the steel letter-box in the parapet, which spans the Dharrig river two miles eastward of Lishbeg, I espied Donoch MacLoughlin leaning against the grey stones with his elbows on the coping, his hazel staff tilted across his shoulder, and a black-and-gold bee circling musically above his head. He had walked out to meet me. I surmised that he had tidings which he deemed important. Within fifteen minutes I learnt the story of Colga MacCaffrey and the beechen casket.

"Colga himself told me," said Donoch. "Thanks be to God, he was well able to tell me before I left the poor man. The herbs that I brought him from the friary ruins—the same powerful herbs that the good monks used to grow in abundance, to heal the sick—they were a great help to him. It is a good thing to keep some o' them in the house, on account o' the virtues o' the holy men that grew them in the friary gardens, long ago, before they had to fly from them and leave them to wildness and desolation. Colga was greatly eased by the posset that I made for him with the herbs. And after a while he beckoned me over to him, and whispered to me that there was a weighty burden on his mind, and that he had a confession to make to myself. I went over to the chair at the side o' the bed, and bent down close to him, as if I was a priest listening to a sorrowful person confessing a grievous fault.

"Donoch," he whispered, "Donoch, it was myself took the beech box that was carved by Ruarc O'Toole. And I brought it away one time and sold it. Your name is in my will; but, please God, if it be His holy providence to spare me this time, I will repay you the money that I got

for the casket. There were papers in it, forbye. They were a share o' the little histories, I suppose. God be merciful to me," said Colga, with great humility, "but I was always jealous o' yourself an' the manuscripts. I had a spite against them. I thought it was in my own family they ought to be. Sure, when I got them, I thought o' the generations o' the MacCaffreys, and I pictured the manuscripts going down from one generation to another in Glenhoo, like the documents of a royal scribe that MacNessa or some other great king might leave behind him. I gave them to my nephew, Ivor MacCaffrey, o' Carrickfoyle. Go to him, Donoch, this day, and get them from him. My mind will be easier, and I will not be so much ashamed as I am now."

"And then," said Donoch, drawing a deep breath, "I asked Colga how he took the casket away from the house. And I was greatly astonished by the answer he gave to my question. For he said that I took it away myself."

"You took it away, yourself?" I exclaimed as Donoch turned to bid the time of day to a little boy who was bringing home turf on a black donkey.

"That bright boy has the appearance of a young lad who might be a professor or a clergyman in the future," remarked Donoch, looking over the dimpled fields of buttercups as if he had forgotten my question and the reason for it.

Suddenly, frowning, his gaze returned to mine; but the deep lines in his forehead grew gradually less ominous; and by-and-by, without any sign of mental fret, he was speaking of the casket again:

"It was one night in June. Colga says he remembers well the beautiful colored lights that were in the sky that night. He was restless, and went out into the dewy fields, and down towards the Glen o' the Oaks, wondering to himself if the spirits of ancient kings would be abroad on such a night. For it was wrapped in mystery and stillness, he says,—as if the heart o' the world had stopped beating for a time, in that cold hour betwixt the midnight and the dawn. The solemn fires shifted over the skies, like waves o' rosiness in a piece o' silk that might be dipped in the Ruby Pool. And then he saw myself. He saw myself as if I was a silent spirit in the

silence, and I going strangely to the Glen o' the Oaks, with the hermit's casket in my hands, like a precious tabernacle to set upon some altar o' sanctity. And when he looked closely at the strangeness o' my figure, he could see that I was walking in my sleep . . ."

"Ah . . .!" cried I, no longer impatient with the way that Donoch was telling it, and admiring more than ever the singular "touch of mystery" with which he loved to invest his narratives.

"It is likely that I was anxious about the casket," Donoch resumed. "I am of opinion that my mind was disturbed on account of it—and I was maybe dreaming about it. And when Colga saw that I was walking in my sleep, he followed me quietly along the track. Without a trip or a stumble, I went into the shadows o' the glen. He was very near me. He could see me holding out the beechen casket, as if I wished to give it to some person who was invisible to him. Then Colga was tempted by an evil spirit o' darkness. He says he slipped out in front o' me. He says that I spoke queerly in my sleep, and I stepping towards him, beside the stone lintel o' the cell, with the casket that contained my manuscripts.

"Ruarc . . . Ruarc . . ."

"That is what I said at first, in the hollow strange tones that echo ghostly through the utterance o' slumber. Colga knew at once that I was conversing with a phantom o' my mind. He says that he stretched out his hands for the casket, in spite o' the fear that was on him, and that I gave it to him and welcome. And he heard me speaking—but not to him. You would scarcely believe what I said.

"Take it, Ruarc O'Toole, and guard it well until the future time, when saints and scholars will come again to be a glory in the land. Hide it securely, from the thieves that would break in, and steal it."

THESE are the words I spoke. Even in holy Ireland," Donoch said with child-like seriousness, "I suppose I dreamed that there might be the likes o' Norah's Seanach, who was surely an unjust man. And Colga MacCaffrey took the beechen casket, and stole away with it out o' the glen. For all his kingliness, and his grand sayings about kings and title-deeds and prophecies, he could stoop

to such disgrace. I forgive him now, with all my heart. But surely, surely, it was a black stain that the world's praise will never be able to remove from the name o' MacCaffrey. I would not like to leave a thing that behind me."

Donoch looked down at the singing stream, where two white butterflies seemed dancing to a melody. And in its voice, chiming and tinkling through the silence, I heard the song and laughter of early summer morning—not the weird message of a dreamer. In its gleam I perceived again the wide-spilled sunshine—and not the midnight shadows in an oaken grove. Fragrance of crab-blossom and of burning peat seemed the sweeter for the deep, deep breath I drew at this ending of a little his-

tory. And with my eyes upon the lovely reality of Lishbeg that lay before me, I said to my good chronicler:

"Is it true, Donoch? Did it happen in the Glen of the Oaks exactly as you tell me?"

EVEN as I spoke, I was ashamed of my doubt. He did not reply to me at once. He was intently gazing at a speckled trout that wavered in the wavering stream. Old and delicate and fine looked Donoch then; a little proud, a little sorrowful; pensive beside the bridge. It seemed to me that he was deriving a simple, quiet pleasure from the river's clear crystal, and the tune of running water. Wheeling unexpectedly, he glanced toward his be-

loved hills, calm and splendid above us, shining in the blue day. And then, with his mild grey eyes upon me, like the eyes of a friend who forgives much, he said with great gentleness:

"You spoke to me like a child, as if I was telling you the fairy tales that a woman might tell beside a cradle. I will not say a word o' rebuke to you, for you surely listened to the truth with patience. Even when they believe a thing, there's many a person will not listen to the truth of it at all, like Friel Mac-Namara that used to talk in his sleep, and spent the whole night contradicting what he said in the daytime." Smiling whimsically, Donoch paused; and it seemed to me that the story of the Beechen Casket was ended...

Ghosts of St. Vincent's

FATHER GILBERT RETURNS TO THE OLD PROTECTORATE

"MAYBE you're right. Maybe I am seeing things." Having yielded thus to the banter of Sergt. Hendricks, Officer Jim Downing added a bit by way of the last word.

"But I'd take my oath that there was someone—a priest or a Brother I'd say—standing at a second story window with his hand up as if he were giving a blessing or speaking."

"Wonder he didn't fall out," came from the sergeant as the two men with others of a night squad started homeward from police headquarters at 4:30 in the morning. "There's hardly enough of a window frame left in St. Vincent's for anyone to lean against. But I suppose I'd be seeing ghosts, too, by this time, if I'd been wandering around up there every night the way you have with nothing else on my mind."

"All right. Have it your own way."

With which remark Downing dropped the subject.

It is like jumping from a lively town into a deserted city to take a walk of about three minutes on a part of Downing's beat in Newton.

The swing from pulsing life to things dead and forgotten, from neatly kept grounds and painted dwellings to neglected ruin, comes

By GEORGE HENRY WALDRON

as you cross from the corner of Ruby Street and Baylord Avenue and move towards the intersection of Calkins Street and Ruby, on the right.

You will have come into the block occupied by the old Protectorate.

Tangled grass, overgrown shrubs and broken trellis-work take the place of velvet lawn, graded paths and trim trees to give setting to the big structure two hundred feet back from the sidewalk.

Run-down enough in the daytime, it is most forsaken at night. The electric light down on the corner partly illuminates the grounds, where shadows of swaying trees go shifting about. The place looks eerie then.

Officer Downing had regularly looked in at the dismantled building topped by a gilded cross and as regularly made inward comment that it was too bad St. Vincent's had to go like that. On the night that he believed he had seen a figure at a window and then seen it disappear, he decided to go back and investigate, and so informed the station as he rang in at the next police box.

"Vags, probably," came back over the phone.

Of "Vags," police vernacular for vagrants, there was not one. Neither was anyone else discovered within the four walls in the survey made by the policeman with the aid of a commanding voice and a pocket flash.

The search was not the most thorough one imaginable but it served to satisfy Downing that he had performed his duty as he came out through the front door that for days had been standing half open, and continued on his way along Ruby Street.

The officer was not the only one who believed it was too bad that the Protectorate had to go like that.

The Rev. Henry T. Gilbert, returned Chinese missionary, in none too jubilant a mood when he stopped in Newton on the way to the home of his order after a service of trying years in the Orient, wasn't buoyed up by what he saw the afternoon his taxi reached the corner near what had been St. Vincent's.

SHOCK was a mild word to describe what he felt. He was a product of St. Vincent's. It was a sad home-coming. He had planned to spend a few days of a well earned vacation with Father Joseph Hechler, pastor of Ave Maria Church, at North Street and Baylord Avenue, a block southwest of the Protector-

ate, and to put in part of the time at the nearby institution where he had spent his boyhood after being left an orphan.

From Father Hechler he heard the story, just another of the world's endless tales of the changes wrought by time. It was not so great a period of time, either. Comparatively few years had served to bring about the difference in the neighborhood that to Father Gilbert's mind bordered on tragedy.

THE CHANGE at St. Vincent's had come gradually. Much of the activity there ceased six or seven years before, when the plan of establishing a colony system for the boys in a suburb nine miles from the city was given a trial.

Increased cost of living, need of building repairs and other maintenance questions gave problems that, even taking into consideration the help received from public funds, hastened the day when the entire work locally was abandoned.

The efforts of the Christian Brothers along the lines that for years had been successfully followed in Newton were thereafter, Father Gilbert was informed, concentrated at the institution conducted by the order near the capital city of the state. Facilities there were increased for carrying on the industrial school feature that for several generations had proven of lasting benefit to boys who from a wide territory had come to the Protectorate in Newton.

It was with deep regret, Father Hechler explained, that the Brothers at length decided on giving up their enterprise at St. Vincent's and placing the property on the market.

As to what had happened in the meantime, the appearance of the block bordered by Ruby Street, Baylord Avenue, North and Calkins Streets, gave the best evidence.

Three new two-family houses, facing Baylord Avenue and North Streets, occupied lots sold from the big parcels some distance in the rear of the old Protectorate, but the investor who took over the property as a whole still had on his hands the immense building, and there remained to be sold also all the rest of the grounds.

With equipment, furniture and fixtures removed from the structure, boys who had come there to play during the years it had stood vacant had by degrees demolished about

everything breakable that remained. This included nearly every pane of glass in the building and, latterly, even some of the window frames.

The work of wreckage was rather complete, in the opinion of Father Gilbert as he visited the scene after dinner that evening at Ave Maria rectory.

Dusk was gathering as the priest made his way through a group of lads in what was once the court or parade ground in the rear, but from which the surrounding fence had disappeared.

It was through a familiar, now weather-beaten, unlocked basement door that Father Gilbert entered the untenanted home of his youth.

The view at nearly every turn as he went slowly up the stairs within invited to reverie, even though the rooms were as devoid of furnishings as they were of human beings.

The hall that, among other uses, had served as a place of rehearsal for St. Vincent's Fife, Drum and Bugle Corps, drew attention for more than a minute. Naturally so, for in his day Harry Gilbert had been leader of the bugle corps. He would not have laid claim to the distinction, but at that time the future priest and missionary was accounted one of the best young musicians who had ever stepped before the cadet companies that on many a public turnout brought credit to St. Vincent's.

Tonight in fancy he was again the strapping youth who stood out there soldier-like, bugle to lips, and as the Stars and Stripes came down at sunset blew the call "Retreat."

Involuntarily, with the thought, his gaze wandered towards a window through which there would have been visible the flag pole. He looked that way just in time to see a figure go past outside.

It was not the first time, mused Father Gilbert, after he had stepped over to investigate—the sound of broken glass being crushed under foot marking his progress to the window—that the fire escape had lured boys at play.

It had happened in his own case when he was about the same age as the last of the three boys he now saw getting off the ladder at the bottom of the iron arrangement of steps and platforms which extended from the top floor to the ground on the outside of the building.

Recollection of this and other minor infractions of rules of which

he had been guilty in a day long gone, brought to the priest memory of Brother Eusebius, disciplinarian, and others of the body of holy men with whom he had there come into contact.

There was Brother Aurelius, for instance, outwardly stern director with a well of tenderness known to but few; Brother Leo, blessed with singular knowledge of the way to the heart of a boy; Brother Anselm, who seemed to rule by gentleness alone; Brother Berthald, with his rare understanding of human nature—and Brother Peter.

Brother Peter might have been another Washington in the imagination of some of his young "military" charges. In the maturer judgment of Father Gilbert he had at least that General's facility for making members of his little army proof against discouragements to come. For there were lessons learned here that had remained with the solitary roamer through the deserted halls tonight.

It was in what had been the chapel that Father Gilbert felt most the influence of his surroundings. This room held sacred memories. One who knew it for what it had been was reminded, on entering it, of a House of God that had fallen prey to the ravages of war.

Occasions like midnight Mass on Christmas, the Holy Thursday observances that never failed to bring its hundreds of visitors to the Repository, and other red letter days became present realities to the priest who sat down to think things out on the edge of the one time altar platform.

It was here that Father Gilbert had first felt stirring within him the urge to the priestly life. To Father Robert, noted missionary, whose power of eloquence, known of all men, was equalled by a zeal in promoting vocations known only to his Master, did Father Gilbert owe his heaviest debt of gratitude.

FATHER ROBERT, giving a mission once at Ave Maria Church, during his stay in Newton, had spoken to the boys of St. Vincent's. How pertinent, even prophetic, was one of his talks. Almost the exact words were recalled, though at the time of their delivery a good stopping place or two might not have been unwelcome to some of the more restless listeners.

"Character," had said Father Robert, "is the only thing that counts. Rich and poor are alike in the sight of God. Even the judgment of men, sometimes mistaken, is in the long run based on worth alone. Remember that, boys."

"If you are inclined, ever, to be downcast, or to make a lot in your own mind over the lack of a personal home, don't forget that the Brothers haven't any, either. They have given up all that for you. Take the Blessed Virgin for your Mother, keep close to God and you will be happy always."

"The Brothers who are teaching and caring for you here day by day are building for eternity. St. Vincent's itself may go to ruin. What if it does? All things earthly will do that in time. But the work performed here should have an influence on your lives and therefore on the lives of those with whom you will deal that will last forever."

Father Gilbert arose.

It was as though he had been listening to words that restored the balance of things. Was not this statement of the departed missionary an embodiment of the whole truth, carrying the ideal to which Father Gilbert had dedicated his life?

Tranquility of spirit was succeeding a natural degree of repining. The very fact of the passing of the Protectorate while the things for which it had stood lived on, proved the soundness of the principles on which it had been founded, showed how real were the truths the Church was forever expounding.

Night had come on almost unnoticed by the lone occupant of the long room. It was not quite dark. The moon was rising and light was coming in.

IT WAS not difficult to picture in their accustomed places in the chapel many of the boys who had sat there listening to Father Gilbert.

At least one besides himself, Father Gilbert knew, had become a priest. Another was making his way in what has been styled Big Business. One was secretary to a State official, another had made good in public office and one more was a successful contractor. All, so far as he had learned, were showing by their lives that the Brothers had not labored in vain.

Of the lives of others of his time at St. Vincent's, the priest could not recall having heard anything to make

particular impression, but the cases noted constituted a pretty good average, it was his opinion.

Father Gilbert walked over to a window and for a few moments stood there, taking in the view of the front yard. Then he turned and went back through the room and out into the hall.

Boards here and there creaked resoundingly as he walked. So vivid were the images before him of occupants of the building in other days that the noises might have been made by Brothers or boys who would at any moment appear before him but whom the halls would know never again.

Going to a back window, Father Gilbert gave a last look down below. Of parade formations he had seen organized there, one in particular stood out. Passage of years mean little in such a situation and it was all as an occurrence of the moment to the priest.

The events of that bright Spring day of the past were to him again in the happening.

With the morning breeze adding zest to movement, the columns of boys take position. While numerically the participants may not run into the thousands, to Father Gilbert they represent not only the boys here enrolled but all to come after, down to the last day in the history of St. Vincent's.

Flags flying, faces beaming, uniforms inviting the eye, with West Point precision the line swings out and over Rugby Street. Shrill fife, rattling drum, clear toned bugle fill the air with the strains of "Garry Owen." One is almost carried along. But he must move lively who would join.

Jauntily, briskly, step the cadets—the Protectorate is left farther behind. Fainter and more faintly still come the notes of the martial air. Now they are lost in the distance. Strain one's ears as he may, he will not hear them again.

Into the thick of the fray the boys have gone, and turn the tide of battle as it may, they will not come back.

When the combat of life is over, when the clash of arms shall have ceased and the fight for the prize is ended, what will be the toll?

In the hushed hour that follows strife, will victory be shown in the count? Or must an army so gallant taste bitter defeat?

If success for each one in it were to be in proportion to his training for the great engagement, Father Gilbert had no doubt of the glory to come.

The priest was smiling as he came from the old Protectorate. His smile would have broadened had he known that at that moment Patrolman Downing was entering the building by the front door on an investigation caused by his own brief appearance at the chapel window.

The priest stood a moment on Baylord Avenue and looked back at the big, silent structure. Regret, or at least its sting, had vanished. Perhaps he had not wholly come back from the past. He had a fleeting desire, keen, if impossible of fulfillment. He would have taken the bugle as of old and stood again on the parade ground. It would not have been to blow "Retreat" this time.

He would have sounded "Taps."

To Father Hechler's remark on his return to the rectory that he must have taken quite a stroll, Father Gilbert assented.

"Yes—I've been a long way off."

He walked idly about the study for a while and then stopped before one of the shelves of books. A volume, Moore's Poems, attracted. Thoughtfully he drew it out.

"LIKE Moore?" asked Father Hechler.

"Who wouldn't like this?"

Father Gilbert stopped turning pages as he found what he wanted and sank into a comfortable chair.

The poet himself would have been pleased with the feeling put into his words by the priest as he read:

Let Fate do her worst, there are relics of joy,

Bright dreams of the past, which she cannot destroy;

Which come in the night-time of sorrow and care,

And bring back the features that joy used to wear.

Long, long be my heart with such memories filled!

Like the vase, in which roses have once been distilled—

You may break, you may shelter the vase if you will,

But the scent of the roses will hang round it still.

The Hosts of the Lord

THE FRIENDS AND FAMILIARS OF GOD

By HERBERT GREENAN, C. P.

IN THE Creed, which we recite, we express our belief inherent in God, the supreme Lord and Creator of all things, who, although He fills the whole universe, has His throne and home in heaven. To picture or describe God in any adequate manner is absolutely beyond the limits of human power.

The more reason contemplates what revelation has unfolded about His nature and personality, His attributes of eternity, omnipotence, omnipresence, and immensity, the greater grows the conviction that verily He is a hidden God. "Who is able to declare His works and who shall show forth the power of His majesty. Nothing may be taken away or added; neither is it possible to find out the glorious works of God. When a man hath done, then shall he begin: and when he leaveth off, he shall be at a loss."

Not less difficult is it to portray the splendor of His home in heaven, and the hosts that surround His throne. St. Paul was "caught up into Paradise and heard secret words, which it is not granted to man to utter," but even after this wonderful vision he can only use the words of Isaias, "that eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither hath it entered into the heart of man what things God hath prepared for them that love Him."

Experience teaches that our natural tendency is to rest content with the things and pleasures of this world; to make here below, in so far as we are able, a lasting mansion; to be satisfied with time and its trifles. This is due largely to the fact that we are members of the animal kingdom, and as such, being material, we are of the earth, earthly. Through the senses the soul exercises its functions, and there is, therefore, the inclination to allow mere material joy and happiness, peace and prosperity to be the ambition and end of life and its endeavors. Day by day the ravages of materialism are becoming more alarming and widespread, and the glorious ideals, which are the spirit of a people and the soul of a nation, are slain and sacri-

ficed in the worship of Mammon.

The Catholic Church, however, with her instinct of maternal love and solicitude, is ever watchful for the safety of her children; and to counteract the temptations and tendencies of the age invites us during this month of October to honor the Angels of God. To do this it is necessary that we be lifted from this world of matter to contemplate the enduring and everlasting realm of spiritual substances, where we shall see, when we are no longer held by the cords of Adam, those happy hosts hailed by the Psalmist: "Bless the Lord all ye His angels, you that are mighty in strength, and execute His work, hearkening to the voice of His orders."

The existence of the Angels is an article of the Faith, and its certainty is assured by revelation. Frequent mention of them is made in the Bible, and from Genesis to the Apocalypse the story is told of their nature, power, and agency. When God cast out Adam "He placed before the paradise of pleasure Cherubims, and a flaming sword burning every way to keep the way of the tree of life." In her sorrow and distress an angel brought comfort and consolation to Hagar. It was an angel, in the form of a pillar of fire, who went before the Israelites as their guide; an angel gave to Moses the tables of the law on Sinai; an angel spoke to Gideon: "The Lord is with thee most valiant of men"; an angel solaced Elias and led the young Tobias; an angel came to Daniel in the lions' den. It was an angel who announced the Incarnation, Birth, and Resurrection of Jesus Christ, and it was also an angel who brought Him strength when He fasted in the desert and was tempted, when He prayed in Gethsemani and was sorrowful. It is easy, therefore, to understand the meaning and significance of the name angel—messenger of God.

It is certain that the angels are purely spiritual, and are subject to none of those miseries which belong to changeable matter. They are rep-

resented as young and beautiful to show that neither age nor decay can touch them. They bear in their hands white lilies as a symbol of the spotless purity which only flesh can tarnish; they carry harps to praise the Lord and bless His holy Name, and the wings signify their swiftness in executing His word and hearkening to the voice of His orders.

David, in the eighth Psalm, pondering on God's favors to man says: "Thou hast made him little less than the angels." St. Peter, too, wrote: "Whereas angels who are greater in strength and power bring not against themselves a railing judgment." It is in his soul that man is like but inferior to an angel. Consequently, an idea can be formed of the nature, dignity, power, and beauty of an angel from the knowledge regarding the perfections of a human soul in sanctifying grace. The soul of man is the principle of life and makes him a sharer of the life of God, as it is written: "He breathed into the face of man the breath of life and man became a living soul." Not only is the soul a participation of God's life, it is also a reflection of God's beauty: "Let us make man to our own image and likeness." For its redemption Jesus Christ shed His Precious Blood.

IN THE biography of St. Catherine of Sienna it is told that she was permitted to see the splendor of a soul in sanctifying grace. So dazzling, however, was the vision she could not gaze upon it. Being asked to describe the heavenly favor she thought of the sweet soft light of the morning in summer, the blended colors of the rainbow, but that soul was far more beautiful. She remembered the radiance of the sun at noon, but that soul was brighter; she brought to mind all the cumulated glories of the world-flowers with all their rich tones and tints, jewels with all their sparkling iridescent splendor—but all was of no avail. "I cannot find anything in this world that can give you the smallest idea of what I have seen" was her answer.

The angelic spirit is greater than the human soul. Its power can be

measured from the words of Isaias that *one* angel of the Lord went out and slew in the camp of the Assyrians one hundred and eighty-five thousand, and in the Book of Daniel it is recorded that the angel of the Lord went down into the furnace of flame and fire "and made the midst of it like the blowing of a wind bringing dew." The latter prophet, too, writes "thousands of thousands ministered to him, and ten thousand times a hundred thousand stood before him." St. Denis has said that the angels are more numerous than the stars in the heavens, or the sands on the seashore, and exceed the number of men until the end of time.

From the holy Scripture we learn that the angels are divided into nine choirs. First in order are the Seraphim called such because they are burning unceasingly with the love of God. It was one of these spirits who touched and purified the lips of Isaias with the live coal. The Cherubim adore the wisdom of God, and the Thrones, His unchangeableness. The Dominations, Principali-

ties, and Powers exercise sovereignty respectively over creation, empires, and evil spirits. The Virtues are masters of miracles; Archangels are special messengers of God and captains of His hosts, as Gabriel and Michael; whilst Angels are the guardians of men.

These legions of the Lord are endowed with knowledge and free will. Thecua said to David: "But thou my lord, O King! are wise according to the wisdom of an angel of God." The intellect of an angel is as clear as light; his will firm, fixed, and stable; he loves freely, but what is once loved is ever loved. He is a complete spiritual substance, perfect in his nature, and like to God—strength without weakness, wisdom without doubt, beauty without blemish. The angels live in perfect peace, and their happiness is never shadowed; their joy is the possession of the beatific vision, for Jesus has said "I say to you that their angels always behold the face of my Father, Who is in heaven." They are the friends and familiars of God Who

has crowned them with honor and glory.

It is not possible in this brief article to write about Lucifer, the Day Star, and his battle with the Hosts of Lord, to explain that power of evil which he and his followers are permitted to exercise against men, but which can be always foiled to the confusion of the enemy, if the help of the angels' guardian is sought and accepted. Nor can we treat the subject of this guardianship. We can join, however, with the Church in paying homage to these bright spirits of the heavenly court. When our eyes are dim with tears—tears of pain, tears of parting—let us lift them aloft to those realms of rapture where God's hand shall wipe them away. Now we can only listen at the door of faith, and look through the lattice of hope, but when these are opened wide by death, we shall enter into the Home of Love—for God is love—and our voices sad no longer shall be tuned to the sound of angels' harps to bless the Lord forever.



Christianizing Industrialism

THE NEED OF CATHOLIC PRINCIPLES IN BUSINESS LIFE

By STANLEY B. JAMES

YOU HAVE seen probably some rural retreat rudely invaded by the building of a new railroad track. It looks at first as though the engineers had entirely destroyed the beauty of the scene. Trees have been cut down, rocks blasted and unlovely embankments of fresh soil built where once was only virginal wilderness. But if you wait you will see nature reassert herself. The wounds inflicted by the axe are covered with moss and lichen, self-sown seeds sprout in the blasted rocks and rank grass, before long, covers the rawness of the embankment. In course of time the railroad track seems a part of the natural scenery. It is something like that which has happened, again and again, in the course of the Church's history.

In the fifth century great hordes of barbarians — Goths, Vandals, Huns, Lombards,—flooded southern Europe. They were ruthless de-

stroyers, bent only on killing and looting, and it looked as though their trampling had broken up forever the civilization it had taken Rome so long to build. Nor was it only civilization which was threatened. It seemed as if Christianity must give up hope of conquering this world. Sanctity beat a retreat, hiding in the hermitages of the desert or in monastic refuges in desolate places. Yet the Church is like nature. Silently but surely it exerts its influence over that which seems most antagonistic. The barbarians were Christianized and the fresh blood which they infused into a dying Empire became a source of strength rather than of weakness. So it was when the Moslem invasion, pushed further and further west, menaced the missionary work of centuries. The danger was intellectual as well as military. The Mohammed-

dan conquerors were no barbarians. They had adapted Aristotle, the Greek philosopher, for their own needs, and, though they were beaten on the battlefield, their culture proved a serious difficulty for the champions of the Faith.

AT FIRST the study of Aristotle as interpreted by Arabic teachers was prohibited. This negative attitude could not be final. The prohibition was removed and St. Thomas Aquinas succeeded in turning the Aristotelian philosophy into a bulwark of Christian dogma. The very thing that had threatened the Faith became its support. And so the story might be continued till we came down to our own day and witnessed the transformation which has overtaken many of those scientific discoveries which, in the nineteenth century, were confidently supposed to render Christian belief incredible but which now aid us in explaining and giving

scientific precision to Catholic teaching.

But it is not with this intellectual attack on the theological dogmas of the Church with which we are here concerned so much as with the practical materialism of our industrial civilization. The early part of the nineteenth century saw a big development of mechanical power, and this was of immense help in exploiting the agricultural and mineral resources of the States. The vast possibilities of unexplored territories and the augmented powers of manufacture quickened the desire for wealth. Commerce expanded rapidly. The little country store expanded into the great Emporium. Where a few craftsmen had worked according to old fashioned methods, huge factories were established, employing thousands of hands. It was not long before the new industrialism almost entirely destroyed old Colonial ways of life, and along with these changes went others of a more important character. The eagerness to become rich destroyed the simplicity of the earlier regime, and, in place of the steady and honest trader of earlier times, gave us the modern speculator. The new commerce made short work of the slow and scrupulous methods of the past.

TRADING became a trial of wits. The smart man was he who could "do" another in a bargain. Sam Slick was typical of those days. He was an imaginary character figuring largely in the humorous literature of the past century, a peddler selling six-dollar clocks for forty dollars and resorting to all sorts of tricks to dispose of his stock. Lives are full of stories concerning sharp trading and reflect a curious standard of commercial honesty. And this was only one side of the new era. The factories introduced conditions which resulted in separating employer and employees into two sharply divided classes. The "boss" had no personal relations, as in the old days, with his "hands." It was his business to reduce wages as far as possible, while for their part the workers made it a point of honor to get as much as they could and do as little as they could.

It is obvious that a society governed by standards such as these was in danger of losing whatever respect it may have had for Christian morality and of boldly enthroning Mam-

mon as its patron saint. Mediæval markets centered in most cases round a stone Cross, but it became difficult to find any trace of that symbol in the marts of the period of which we are speaking. A raw materialism, ugly and lawless, had completely broken up the comparatively peaceful and humane conditions of a previous age.

Some despaired altogether. There are those who still despair. Just as the hermits fled to the desert before the flood of barbarianism from the north, so these idealists take refuge in mediæval dreams. They tell us that modern capitalism and mechanism are incapable of being Christianized and that the only thing is to go back to the handicrafts and small businesses of former days. *The Education of Henry Adams* is the story of a man (grandson of an American President and descended from the Republic's second President) who fled to Europe from the industrialism which was transforming his native New England and who sought in vain for some way of reconciling modern methods of business with the ideals and principles he had learned in his youth.

But Catholics, remembering the history of the past, need not be so pessimistic. They will see that there is a resemblance between the action of nature in healing the wounds of defaced rural beauty and that of the Church in mastering new social conditions. Knowing something of the power of their Religion and of its applicability to all forms of Society, they will hope that even our ugly modern civilization may submit to treatment. It will not seem impossible to them that, purged of its abuses, Capitalism may yet be reconciled with Christian principles and that mechanism may cease to be the soul-destroying thing it has often proved. Indeed it may be noted that changes are already taking place. "Even the most jaundiced observer," says the writer of an article on "Business as Civilizer" in *The Atlantic Monthly*, "must admit that business is ethically better than it used to be." He is right. There is ample evidence to show that much that was once thought justifiably "smart" is now strongly deprecated as unworthy of the dignity of Commerce. Take as an example of the spirit that is beginning to make itself felt, the declaration of principles issued in May, 1924, by the Chamber

of Commerce of the United States. Among the rules laid down in that remarkable document are the following:—

"The foundation of business is confidence, which springs from integrity, fair dealing, efficient service and mutual benefit.

* * * *

"Equitable consideration is due in business alike to Capital, Management, Employers and the public.

* * * *

"Obligations to itself and society prompt business unceasingly to strive toward continuity of operation, bettering conditions of employment and increasing the efficiency and opportunities of individual employees.

* * * *

"Excesses of every nature—inflation of credit, over-expansion, over-buying, over-stimulation of sales—which create artificial conditions and produce crises and depressions are condemned.

* * * *

"Corporate forms do not absolve from or alter the moral obligations of individuals. Responsibilities will be as courageously and conscientiously discharged by those acting in representative capacities as when acting for themselves."

BUSINESS men who have made their mark in the financial world have echoed these sentiments on numerous occasions. I can find room, however, for only one example. Said John D. Rockefeller in his "Random Reminiscences of Men and Events," "If I were to give advice to a young man starting out in life, I should say to him: 'If you aim for a large, broad-gauged success, do not begin your business career, whether you sell your labor or are an independent producer, with the idea of getting from the world by hook or crook all you can. In the choice of your profession or your business employment, let your first thought be: Where can I fit in so that I may be most effective in the work of the world? Where can I lend a hand in a way most effectively to advance the general interests?'"

It may of course be objected that these are but professions and that between them and actual practice there is a wide gulf. The present writer has no experience which would enable him to answer that objection, but it does at least seem some gain that, instead of boasting

of its "cuteness," Big Business should publicly proclaim as its ideals the principles quoted.

There is however a more serious criticism than the suggestion of hypocrisy. We may grant that, if the above statements truly represented the spirit dominant in Commerce and Industry, those abuses which have been the despair of reformers would vanish. Such ghastly conditions as are painted by Upton Sinclair in "The Jungle" and "Boston" would be impossible, and the grounds on which Socialist attacks on the present system are based would disappear. But the trouble is that the excellent maxims of the Chamber of Commerce and the really wise counsels of John D. Rockefeller have no solid foundations. They rest on the shifting sand of expediency.

The difference between the standpoint they occupy and that of Sam Slick is that between enlightened self-interest and narrow-mindedness. Both the peddler and John D. sought profits, but while the peddler was merely "slick," the millionaire was intelligent and far-seeing. As business men, the Rockefellers and Fords are, of course, entitled to consult expediency, but if commercialism is to be Christianized and if industrialism is to be humanized in a thorough-going and permanent manner it must be on deeper grounds. We are not going to get far in our Christianization by reflecting that it will pay us to treat each other with respect. There will arise occasions when the expediency of so doing is by no means obvious, and if we cannot then fall back on a profounder wisdom our system of mutual help falls to pieces.

TO ILLUSTRATE what is meant take a passage from Ruskin's "Unto This Last": "Disputant after disputant vainly strives to show that the interests of the masters are, or are not, antagonistic to those of the man: none of the pleaders ever seeming to remember that it does not absolutely or always follow that the persons must be antagonistic because their interests are. If there is only a crust of bread in the house, and mother and children are starving, their interests are not the same. If the mother eats it, the children want it; if the children eat it, the mother must go hungry to her work. Yet it does not necessarily follow that there will be "antagonism" between them, that

they will fight for the crust, and that the mother, being strongest, will get it and eat it." The foundation of the family, as of Society generally, is not expediency, what pays best, but the moral law and obedience to it for its own sake apart from any consideration of its being the best policy.

Even when business men are genuinely moved by the idea of rendering service to the community, it cannot be said that they are acting as Christians, for the Christian motive is not primarily the service of men but the service of God, and this alone is sufficient to order aright the intricate social relationships in which we are involved to-day. Only religion—the Catholic Religion—can purge Capitalism of its abuse and render it human.

The fact that Christian principles, even though urged on insufficient grounds, have effected so much, gives us some idea of what might be done if we not only held those principles but were actuated by the right motives. If expediency has done so much, how much more would faith achieve! Even when certain methods are adopted by the business world because they are seen to promise commercial success, the initiative in urging them has often been taken by disinterested persons concerned only with the ethical aspects of the matter. So that the enlightened self-interest of men like Ford and Carnegie may owe its enlightenment, in the first place, to Christian idealists totally uninterested in the question of profits. It is in that way that the spirit of Jesus Christ percolates down

in social and economic matters and gradually changes the tone of a community. It is in that way we may hope to see our present Society transformed. Slowly but surely, the barbarism of relentless competition, of exploitation of the weak and poor, of class-warfare may be finally abolished.

American finances are in an advantageous position today. But, sooner or later, a testing period must come when it will be found whether the methods adopted can stand the strain of hard times. A period of depression would severely try the professions of honesty, and of mutual respect between producer and consumer and between employer and employees now so loudly made. When that time comes, it will be seen that the Catholic Faith is as necessary, in order to save the world from chaos, in our day as it was when the northern barbarians overran Rome. And as those barbarians became Catholicized and their civilization a comparatively Christian and beautiful thing, so we may hope that the influence of the Church may transform even the ugliness and cruelty associated with our present economic order.

UGLINESS and cruelty are not inherent in the system; it is for us to see that they are expelled from the system. Thus, once again in its history, the Church will have strengthened the likeness between its influence and the power with which nature heals the manifold wounds inflicted upon her.

Moments

By MARGARET MORSE HORGAN

COUNT every moment of joy you feel,
As a gift from Heaven above;
And cherish those blissful glimpses you have
As a sign of His wondrous love.

Count every moment of sorrow you feel,
As a greater gift from above;
For the Lord in His wisdom chastiseth us
As a sign of His perfect love.

Little Theatre

A SUMMER HOUSE OF WORSHIP

By JEROME HARTE BOSMAN

SARAH knew that this was no time to become hysterical or maudlin, but she knew, too, that she was in imminent danger of being both. With an effort, she held her tense, trembling body to its course and climbed the steep wooden steps, went in through the wide-opened double doors. The summer dust and sunshine seemed to follow her and to stream up the broad aisle of the church.

Church? It was a barn-like structure used in winter time for a Little Theatre, and when summer came turned over by the natives to Catholic vacationists for their house of worship. Seats and kneeling benches had been arranged but not nailed down—they scraped and moved with every change of position by the congregation, so that now, even before Mass had begun, they stood at sundry contrary angles. Across the front of the room was the stage. There were footlights and painted wings; at the back a drop curtain depicted a sylvan scene; and you could see the bottom edge of the fire curtain high up in the flies.

Sarah thought: "A little theatre! God knows that's appropriate!" Her married life had been theatrical—perhaps it was more or less fitting that today, when she had come to the last scene of the last act of it, she should find herself fighting her unhappiness in just this setting.

She felt her way to a seat at the back of the building and knelt down in it. Mechanically she blessed herself; then crouched there on her knees, staring straight ahead through a mist of pain. In the middle of the stage, marble-white against the crudely-painted drop, she saw the altar. Its cloth was coarse but snowy, and pious hands had brought fresh flowers this morning from the gardens and fields of the seaside resort and had set them, gracefully, among the candles. Dew still shone upon the petals.

The loving, pious hands that brought them there were the hands of women, for it is women, Sarah told herself, who deck God's altars: women who have loved and married, or woman who have unreservedly

loved only God and have never married.

She wished she would pray, instead of thinking! Her mind was chaotic and incapable of reason! She needed prayer today as never before, but the Hail Mary's her lips formed were so many empty words that left no conscious imprint on her brain.

She must pray—and not think any more of her life with Paul. That was over; done. She must pray for the future without him. She knew!

But instead of praying, she stared up at the stage and the altar upon it, and speculated upon the hands that had decked it. Well! better that than memory!

"Strange that it should hurt so!" she thought—so hurt that after twelve years she must write "finis." Yet for eleven of those years she had faced the possibility of this hour.

Life had seemed wonderful on her wedding day. There had been apparently no reason why Paul and she should not have a happy, successful married life. So much had been in favor of it. He and she had been baptized by the same priest, confirmed by the same bishop, educated in the same parochial school. There had been no religious difference; and she had known (she thought) everything about Paul.

She had married in the Faith. It was the only thing right about her marriage.

But her husband had not bent his knee to a priest in ten years. He went into a church only when his children were baptized; for he never went to Mass. "Could a Protestant do worse?" Sarah asked herself.

And then, there was this other matter of his marriage vows.

She got up from her cramped knees and sat back, numbly, in the seat. She might as well give up trying to think of her married life,—she could do nothing else but think! She gave herself wholly over to brooding.

When did it all begin? She tried to remember, as she had done a thousand times before. Not the first

year. God had given her twelve months of peace and earthly joy. But after that first year—

The man she had married was incapable of fidelity. She had lost count of the women she had known about,—there must be others of whom she had never heard, women who came into his life on his many long trips from his family. She had to know about enough of them, God knew,—*affaires* he had been unable to hide. She had forgiven him so often; granted him another chance so often "for the sake of the children," "for the sake of the love she had once borne him."

Once borne him! Merciful Father!

She'd lost count, too, of these numbers of times. Always he had sworn that it would be the last time; always he had broken his vow.

Always he would! She knew that, now. She had come down here unexpectedly yesterday with her children to the simple cottage their means afforded. She had thought Paul in the West on business,—he had engaged the cottage for them for July and August. But there had been an operation on Junior's neck and it had seemed best to keep him in town under the doctor's eye, and they had tried to get rid of the cottage, but without success. It had been definitely settled, however, that they were not to leave town, since it was already August.

But the weather had grown suddenly stifling and the doctor had ordered a change for Junior. Sarah packed overnight. The cottage was there, the rent had been paid! There was no time to wire Paul, even had she thought that necessary, or known where to reach him.

She had found him in the cottage with a woman. She had opened the door upon them at supper; she came with her children and his at her heels and their faithful nurse behind them.

THE HUMILIATION of it! She could not go on.

She saw the kitten through eyes hot with unshed tears. It had wandered into the church from the sunshine outside; a little black kitten, un-

afraid, coy, mischievous. It frolicked and scampered down the broad middle aisle towards the altar, darted in and beneath seats, appeared upon the altar steps. The sexton tried to catch it,—as well try to catch a vagrant breeze! It was always just out of reach of his hand,—it shot back into the out-of-doors when it chose to. Not a second sooner! All the "scats" in the world could not have dislodged it before it had tired of the game.

Every jerk and switch of its long black tail said to the woman: "There are the children. There are the children." A kitten was like a child, mischievous, appealing, arrant until dawning maturity had begun to teach it to curb its exuberance.

There were the children—ah, yes. And she could not let them go on growing up in the atmosphere their father was creating for them. Even though she and Paul never stooped to scenes,—thank God, yesterday, too, she had been mistress of herself when she entered the cottage and faced her husband and the woman!—yet someday soon the little ones must guess how matters stood.

Or they might hear it whispered outside. People knew,—Heaven knows how much people knew, how much scandal Paul had given! Sarah could not tell. Others may have known much that she, his wife, never guessed. "The wife is always the last to find out."

Today, she was taking the children and going away from Paul to be both mother and father to them. Any other course was no longer possible.

She had taken counsel of no one—she did not need advice in this from friends, or from priest or Church. "There are times," she told herself, "when a man and a wife must be divorced, let the Church say what it will!" This was such a time; and nothing could change the decision she had made.

She had not come here today for guidance. She had come because it was Sunday and it was not her way to miss Mass. If God could comfort her in this hour and in this place, then she would welcome the smallest measure. But as for expecting a sign that would direct or condone the step she must take—

"THOSE things just don't happen," Sarah told herself grimly.

She had not needed to tell Paul her decision. He knew at last that there could be only one. He had

said: "Of course you will leave me now. And no one can blame you."

The priest came upon the altar and the sight of him dragged her tortured thoughts from their devious windings. He was a very tall man, with snowy hair. She had seen him drive up in his little car when she was mounting the steps of the church. How long ago that seemed! She had re-lived eleven years since then.

His car was a cheap one and very new. He drove it in his cassock, and he had looked a mediæval knight of the Church in a twentieth century gas wagon.

Sarah thought: "But here in his vestments, he is back in a familiar setting. And he will say Mass as it was said in mediæval days,—as Mass will be said when we who are living now will have become mediævals and ancients to the world that then is!" How puny one life and one age was,—how infinitesimal an individual human sorrow!

She followed the Mass mechanically. She and the priest might have been alone in the barn-like structure, so oblivious was she of the crowds of worshippers about her. She saw none of them. She saw the altar and she heard the priest's voice,—she heard echoes of her own pain.

And then, the man upon the stage turned from the altar to preach.

He read that gospel from St. Luke of the ten lepers who came and stood afar off from Jesus, lifting up their voices and crying: "Jesus, Master, have mercy on us."

"And when He saw them, He said: 'Go, show yourselves to the priests.' And it came to pass, as they went, they were cleansed."

But only one of those lepers, cleansed, came back and glorified God.

Sarah, huddled in the seat, numb with suffering, heard that, and no word more of the sermon that the priest delivered. But what she had heard pierced her armor of introspective brooding; and suddenly, in a lightning flash, her ears had heard a message that was for her alone.

The one leper who, alone of the ten, came back to fall upon his face before Jesus, had come because some woman had loved him, guided him, stuck to him,—*she had sent him back to God by the very force of her devotion and her forbearance.*

"Arise and depart, for thy faith hath healed thee." No, no! The faith of the woman behind the leper had made him whole!

Sarah was as sure of that message and of its meaning as though it had been written down and set before her eyes. And she knew that it had been ordained that she should come down here unexpectedly, as she had done, suffer as she had, that her steps might be directed to the place where the message of the gospel awaited her.

SHE SAW some things with a clearer vision than ever before!

When Mass was over, she got up and left the church. Outside, the air was hot and filled with the blare of motor horns and the poison of motor engines' exhaust. She stood in the crowd and waited until Paul drove up in their small roadster. He always drove her to Mass and came for her, if he were not away from home on Sunday. Today, which was to be the last Sunday of their life together, he had not altered his habit.

He had brought the baby with him.

When Sarah got in beside him, she lifted little Mona to her lap. He said: "I wish you'd leave her on the seat between us!"

"She is in the way of your arm."

"I could drive, even if I held her in my arms!"

"But it isn't safe."

He sighed. "I suppose it isn't." But I'll have them only a few hours longer. God! I wanted to pile them all in with me when I started out to come for you! I have no right to expect you to let me have anything to do with them after you go,—I've proved myself too rotten,—

She set the child on the seat between them. He drew Mona into his left arm and drove with the right.

"You'd better not," Sarah said.

"It is dangerous, you know, to drive with one hand in Sunday traffic."

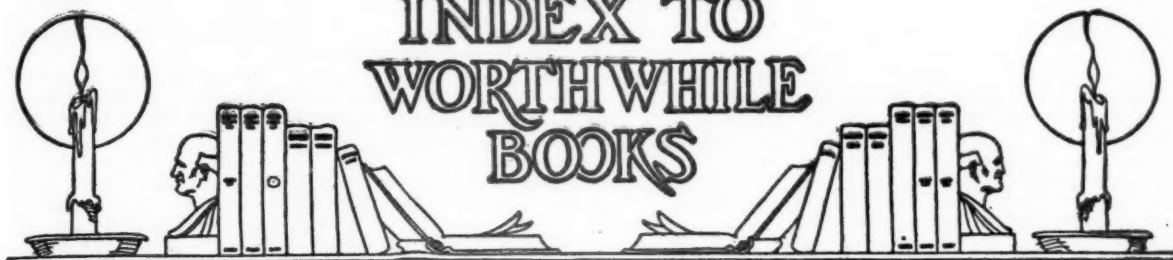
His face darkened. "And I've only today left!" he reminded her.

"You've as many days left as you wish," she said, evenly. "I don't want you to say anything about your word of honor! I ask no more promises."

The car swerved, dangerously, under his start of astonishment. "You can't mean that you really will give me another chance, Sarah!" he cried, incredulously. "Good God, my dear, my dear,—"

She drooped in the seat beside him. She was tired and spent, but her heart was at rest.

Paul might still be the one leper who would return to give thanks to God because he had been cleansed.



[ANY BOOK NOTICED HERE MAY BE PROCURED THROUGH "THE SIGN." ADD 10% OF COST TO PAY POSTAGE.]

WHEN THE VEIL IS RENT. By Francis Clement Kelley. P. J. Kennedy & Sons, New York. Price: \$1.75.

Whether the world is growing more or less religious in the true sense of the word, is a much disputed point; but more and more the question is asked, "What is it all about? Is the grave the end of man's career?" This, of course, from those who have no real religious background. It is, therefore the more necessary for the Catholic theologian to contribute to the general discussion, the unswerving faith which furnishes logical explanation of things hard for the finite mind to grasp. That mystical language makes the best medium for this sort of teaching, is well known to the true disciples of the Great Teacher who constantly spoke in parables.

In "When The Veil is Rent," the distinguished Bishop of Oklahoma has given us a story as told by Father Moylan, an old priest, who, after much effective parish work, was sent away for his health. He was very favorably impressed by Father Rogers who was sent to take his place, so it was a great shock to learn, on his return to his parish, that Father Rogers had been killed by an accident, which was also bringing William Bradford to his last hour. Thoroughly upset by the shock of this calamity, Father Moylan is obliged to take to his bed, and during the night receives a visit from Bradford, who, though married to a Catholic in his parish, had been an unbeliever in any religion. He had been allowed to resume his earthly body in order to visit Father Moylan, and beg him to perform for him an act of justice to one he had wronged, after which he was to return to the Sea of Purgation.

Mr. Bradford is clearly portrayed as the type of man we meet every day, in every field of activity. Possessing many splendid natural virtues, he has also the defects of these qualities increased by the absence of any authoritative teacher to show him the boundary line between good and evil. He relates to Father Moylan his experiences after the veil was rent, when he and Father Rogers met upon the Plain of

Understanding, and the latter said to him, "You have a journey to make before you reach the Kingdom, but you can not make it as you came here. You must understand better before you pass on to greater things." "What must I understand?" "Before everything else, yourself." "And then?" "The Eternal." "I tried to know Him but I failed." "You did not entirely fail or you would not be here. You are not one of the lost." "I doubt that there are any really lost." "None is lost who ardently desired to be saved; none who did not reject the light." Here they were accosted by a man who was groping his way, and asked them the way to the Great Darkness. Bradford recognized him as one he had known as a man of brilliant intellect who talked constantly of his love of Truth, and when he spoke of this to the priest, the answer was, "So did Pilate ask what is Truth of the only one who could tell him, but he did not wait for the answer." To Bradford it seemed that the man became swallowed up in the Great Darkness, but the priest said, "Neither sin nor error, nor Hell itself can take away from man the gift of immortality."

They passed on to a large grove, which Bradford is told he must enter alone. Here he found a great mansion which seemed somehow familiar to him, and a man he felt he knew, without being able to place him. In the conversation which ensued he learned that this was the Paradise of his dreams, which he himself had built, and that the occupant was his Better Self. This Better Self taught him many useful lessons, showing him that he had sought only the world, and never the cross of the Master who said He was against the world,—that he had been looked upon as a good man, but while he believed in a good God, had never cared to ask who He was. His sin had been intellectual pride. "Was our intellectual life a part of our curse rather than of blessing?" he asked Father Rogers, who replied, "The way of the heart was the surer way. But they go together in the good, the heart and the intellect."

After that a great mist descended

upon them and Bradford lost his companion. As the mist deepened he heard many voices screaming to him to follow this way and that, till he was panic-stricken. Finally the impulse came to pray, though he knew not to whom he prayed. He lost his pride and then help came to him in the form of a man in strange garb, who held his hand till the mists began to dissolve.

Then he said to him, "You have been in the Fog of Ignorance. I, too, had followed those voices in the fog. Even as you did now, I called on earth to the Heaven-King. I am only one of the wise men of dark days whose wisdom now is excelled by that of the little child who learns to whisper Our Father at its Christian mother's knee, and thus answers the first of all questions, 'Who is God?'" Saying this he left him and Bradford turned his face toward the blue that beckoned him out of the mist. After this they came to a frightful chasm, which the Father told him they must cross, or the Great Darkness would overtake them. "We must make our own bridges over this which is the chasm of Human Hatreds." To cast these out seemed an impossible task, till he again had recourse to prayer. Then the priest came to his side and put one finger on the ugly mass with which he struggled. "It jumped from his touch, rolled to the brink of the abyss, and fell over. Rogers turned and said, 'All things yield to the tears of repentance, and the touch of pardon!' My bridge was made."

After crossing the chasm they came to the Palace of Truth, having three doors. One was marked "Knowledge"—one "Wealth"—but the third door, which was very small, had no inscription. Here he meets his Guardian Angel who bids him choose his own door. With great confidence Bradford tries to open the door of Knowledge. Before he reached it he saw another spirit whom he recognized as the former janitor of his dormitory at college—an illiterate man. His hand barely touched the door when it sprang open and he entered. When Bradford tried to follow him, the door did not yield. To his amazement he was told that while the other man was not able to

read or write, he had learned the most necessary of all things—how to serve his Maker.

He was told also that he himself had been prevented from learning this lesson through the sin of pride. "You almost denied God because you thought the scientific world had given Faith its death blow. Faith is man's act of saving humility before the Maker who wrote His name on His creation so plainly that all could read it if they would." Saying this, the Angel pointed to the Door of Wealth, which Bradford approached confidently. Another spirit whom he had known on earth as a beggar and had supported by his charity, went ahead of him and touched the Door of Wealth. It opened to him, but as before, Bradford could not move it. "My wealth," he said sadly, "seems to be as ineffective as my knowledge." "Have you wealth?" Give me then a single penny and the door will open." He could not give it. He, the millionaire, realized that nothing he had possessed on earth was his now. "What wealth had the beggar who passed in so easily?" "He brought here a wealth of patient suffering, a wealth of humiliations silently borne in life for the love of God, a wealth of devotion, a wealth of prayer, a wealth of good example. That kind of wealth passes current in the Kingdom of God. Will you try the other door, the little one? It is that of power." "I have no power." "How do you know that?" "I have learned it at last." "You are right. Look now at the Door of Power." The little door opened even as Bradford looked at it, but it was so small that only a child could enter, and he was in despair until the Angel said, "Unless you become as little children, you shall not enter the Kingdom of God." This enlightened him, and falling upon his knees he crawled through the door and stood upright in the Palace of Truth. And so he passes from one experience to another, learning the many lessons he should have learned on earth. One of these was regarding the Mystery of Pain. We continually hear and read the question, "Why is pain allowed?" Bishop Kelley defines it as the plowing of the ground upon which the seeds of Truth are sown, that they may grow good grain for the Kingdom of Heaven. He gives us also a striking picture of a shower of seeds sown by twelve men. To Bradford's question, "What are the seeds?" the answer is given that they are the seeds of truths that the Son of God left for us, and that they are sown by man because all truth comes from God, and the revelation of it through Jesus Christ who was God as well as man. "Those who scatter it are his Apostles who, together and to the end of time, rule and govern His church." In a chapter on the Sea of Purgation is depicted the ardent yearn-

ing of the soul which has at last learned so many truths after the Heaven for which he sees the priest depart, and the fear to proceed which the burden of his sins has caused. His first understanding of the doctrine of the communion of saints comes when he hears the voices of his wife and child pleading in his behalf, and knows their prayer is answered.

"When The Veil is Rent" is perhaps the best of the many splendid writings of the gifted Bishop of Oklahoma, and no intelligent reader could fail to gain from it a clearer understanding of all that the Church of God teaches.

THE KING OF SHADOWS. By Margaret Yeo. Macmillan Co., New York. Price: \$2.00.

Poor James III,—he was indeed a King of Shadows. The fitful gleams of the warm sweet sunshine of peace and happiness that found their way into the life of this handsome scion of the Stuarts were all too soon blotted out by the sombre shadows of intrigue, bitter disappointment and exile.

Miss Yeo has limned him well, a true Stuart—tall, slender, and reserved of mien, the essence of courtliness, "strangely engaging" in voice and manner, but possessed of a sad sort of other-worldliness, often lonely, and a dreamer. Yet, when aroused, all the dash and emotion of his Celtic-Latin temperament broke loose. Courageous and ever faithful, he was a true leader of lost causes.

This swiftly moving story centers around the endeavors of James III to regain the throne. Its milieu is the ever loyal though expatriated court of that monarch. The love interest is supplied by the mutual infatuation of two of his courtiers, Margaret Ogilvie and Piero d'Este. It is portrayed tenderly and in an understanding manner; but once it seems rather over-sentimental, when these two lovers decide to relinquish their future happiness in favor of James.

As a roman, "THE KING OF SHADOWS" has nearly everything—plenty of action, suspense, intrigue, and an abundance of thrills. It would make an excellent movie. One readily imagines a Doug Fairbanks strutting through its pages in the person of Piero. There is even a seductive siren, Louise Granby, who vainly attempts the downfall of the youthful James. Almost every chapter has its own particular bucket of blood which is spilt in the most swash-buckling eighteenth century manner. Men ride hard and love passionately, the shrill music of bagpipes fills the air, and stalwart Hanoverians fall be-

neath the lightning thrusts of the Jacobite rapiers.

However, "THE KING OF SHADOWS" can scarcely be called a *Catholic novel*, (whatever that may be). To be sure, the Church is mentioned now and then, and King James is exhorted by his Jesuit confessor to resign himself to the will of God. But it is not essentially a Catholic novel. Certainly not the Catholic historical romance as we are accustomed to know it, or as given us by Monsignor Benson and Enid Dinnis. What rising young Catholic novelist will give us a book with another Mr. Coleman, Gent, or another Robin and Margery?

The blurb writer piously informs us that the "figure of Ignatius Loyola is sketched in understandingly and appealingly." But that great soldier saint failed to put in his appearance anywhere in the nearly four hundred pages. And how could he possibly in an eighteenth century story?

Purchasers of this book may be assured of an hour or two of solid entertainment and a true picture of the times, neither overdrawn nor palliated. It is a good story, well told.

THE SPORT OF THE PAST AND THE FUTURE. By Mrs. Armel O'Connor. Mary's Meadow Press, Ludlow, Shropshire, England. Price: \$2.00.

We presume that the rather odd title of this volume is intended to be intriguing. As also, are the titles of the various chapters. The book is built up on the memories of the author's father who was an enthusiastic sportsman of the old school, spending his days with hounds, gun and rod and dying quite contented when his hunting-crops and home-made walking-sticks were laid out upon his bed. Naturally, the author's affections are with her father, especially those memories associated with the days of her youth when she was his companion in sports. She retains his spirit while rejecting his errors and with a certain amount of cleverness transmutes her early enthusiasms into the terms of the spiritual life. It is astonishing to find the number of spiritual thoughts to be found in the form of sporting metaphors culled from the writings and lives of the saints. Sometimes we come across sentences which flash out as clear cut and common sense as proverbs: "If we ever *did* arrive at it it would cease to be an ideal." "The saints bring threads to a web that is once begun." Mrs. O'Connor's colloquies run continuously throughout the book. The whole conception of the book is quite old and while we do not think it shall have a general appeal, it may doubtless make a very strong appeal to a limited circle of readers.

THE PASSIONISTS IN CHINA



Letters From Our Missionaries

The Story of Peng Venantius

By WILLIAM WESTHOVEN, C.P.

"**I** AM IN great joy and many thanks the greatest Lord, my Powerful God, for I know He is powerful. He saves my father! He saves my family and me!" So writes Venantius, a convert in our mission. Since these words appeared in a letter published in *THE SIGN* last April I have received a request for further information about Venantius.

Venantius, now eighteen years old, was born a pagan and first named Peng Ho Chin. He is a Hunanese. His father has held a government position for many years and is regarded as a very influential man. Though he is not a Catholic, he is most favorably disposed towards our religion. An evidence of this was given while I was in charge of our mission in Chenki.

One day Venantius called at the mission and asked me if I would teach him English. That was two years ago. I was very much impressed by the lad and gladly consented to give him the instructions on condition that his father give his approval.

In less than a half hour Mr. Peng personally visited the mission, carrying huge trays of presents. Thus began my acquaintance with the Peng family. Peng Ho Chin was faith-

ful in coming for his English lessons. During the course of these lessons I learned much about my pupil. I learned that Peng Ho Chin had been graduated from the John Miller Presbyterian High School at Changteh, Hunan; that he had received his primary education from the Protestant Mission School at Chenki; that he had been encouraged, asked and begged to join the Protestant religion. This he had refused to do. When I asked him why he had refused, he replied: "I never had any faith in their religion because I have known *only one* sincere Christian among the vast number of their converts." He then admitted to me that his coming to the Catholic mission enabled him to see for himself that "there was a difference between our converts and those of the Protestant missions."

WHILE attending the John Miller High School in the year 1927-28 Peng Ho Chin almost lost his life. The students of his school had turned Bolshevik. Peng Ho Chin stoutly maintained a position of aloofness, would not attend their meetings and refused to join in their parades and demonstrations. A plot was laid to kill him. Though still a pagan, he fled to the Catholic



OLD JAMES FOUND A HOME AND A JOB
AS DOORKEEPER OF SHENCHOW
MISSION



VILLAGE WHERE FATHERS WALTER, GODFREY AND CLEMENT TOOK DINNER ON THEIR WAY TO WHA CHIAO THE DAY BEFORE THEY WERE MURDERED. ON THE WALL OF THE INN IS A PROCLAMATION OFFERING A \$1,000 REWARD FOR THE CAPTURE OF THE BANDIT LEADER

mission at Changteh, under the care of the Augustinian Fathers. He told the Fathers his story, that he was a student at the John Miller High School, that the Reds were seeking his life, that he was far from his own home and now begged them for protection. Needless to say, the good Fathers readily extended hospitality and protection to the fugitive. As soon as the Red storm broke early in the Spring of 1927 Peng Ho Chin returned to his home in Chenki. It was just a few months later that he called at our mission and asked to study English under my direction.

Classes continued daily for nearly two months. Then one day Peng Ho Chin refused to open his English book. I asked him why he would not continue with the class. He looked at me (and I shall never forget the appeal in his eyes) and said: "*Sen Fu* (spiritual Father) why is it that you have never yet asked me to become a Catholic? Do you consider me unworthy of entering your Church?"

The prayer and desire of my heart had been answered! And this young man, freely and of his own accord, fell on his knees before me, a priest of God, and humbly begged to be allowed to study the doctrines of the Catholic Church. Once I had assured him that his request was granted, he stood up and pushing the English books aside said, "*Sen Fu*, I wish to give all my time to the study of doctrine."

ARRANGEMENTS were made for Peng to come into the mission. His father willingly gave his consent. After four months of preparation Peng Ho Chin was baptized and was given the name of Venantius. This was Ascension Thursday, 1928.

Quite naturally I asked Venantius what he contemplated for the future—what avocation in life he wished to follow. It was then that he manifested his desire of becoming a doctor. And the reason he gave for this choice was: "This profession, if sincerely and faithfully practiced, re-

sults in good (the Chinese word *Hao Sih* is most forceful) to countless people." Venantius wishes to spend his life in doing good for others.

With the Rt. Rev. Monsignor Langenbacher's permission Venantius was sent to the Catholic University in Peking at the beginning of the term last fall. He has now spent one year at the University, and creditably so, for reports from the President of the University are most flattering. It is our intention that Peng Venantius spend a year or two more at the University, so as to give him a thorough and Catholic education and at the same time prepare himself for entrance into the Peking Union Medical College.

It is not necessary for me to stress the importance and need of Catholic doctors to aid us missionaries in our work of converting and winning souls to Christ the Divine Missionary. Venantius is the first *native* of our mission district who has expressed a desire to be of assistance to us in this way.

THE PROCLAMATION, OFFERING A \$1,000.00 REWARD FOR THE CAPTURE OF THE BANDIT CHIEF, POSTED ON THE WALL OF THE VILLAGE INN



The history of Peng Ho Chin, now Venantius, would be incomplete without this aftermath. The Catholic Physicians Mission Unit of Pittsburgh have made a proposal to give \$200 each year for Venantius' medi-

cal education. I take this opportunity to thank these Catholic physicians for the great good they are thus making possible. Well may they be congratulated on this noble enterprise. They are doing some-

thing *big* for the Catholic Church in China! And in particular they are doing something that has never been done before for the Passionists in Northwest Hunan. May God bless them and prosper them!

Back and Forth

By BASIL BAUER, C.P.

MY LAST article written for THE SIGN was from my Mission in Wangtsun. This was before the murder of our priests that thinned out our ranks and made four missions orphans. Owing to the lack of priests, Lungshan, Lung Tan, Pushih, and Yung-sui had to be closed.

At the time of the sudden death of our Fathers, I was in Chenki on a little trip there. After the funeral was over in Shenchow I was appointed to make my way to Lungshan and close that place. I had never been there and looked forward to the trip which I had heard was both strenuous and delightful. I always did appreciate mountain scenery and here was a chance to get my fill. Father Nicholas also was appointed to accompany me, and this added to the pleasure of the trip, and made hard things seem easy, for with a companion I find that travel can be made very pleasant.

While on the trip up I could appreciate what Father Constantine felt, for once on the way it seems that you are leaving all civilization behind. Here was his mission situated in the extreme corner of our northern district, a fast two day trip from Yungshun, the nearest place where a brother priest dwelt.

During the first day out, we stayed with the carriers, intending if the second day proved fair, to make the rest of the distance to Lungshan in a fast ride. We stayed with the carriers the first day for we did not like the idea of sleeping without mosquito nettings, for this is one of the dangers during the hot days. Malaria is nothing to laugh at, and as long as it was possible to have a netting with me, I was going to use it. One touch of malaria was enough to make me wary. And I did not want to

put Father Nicholas in the danger of a malaria attack.

Just as we reached the stopping place for the first day, down came the rain, and with it my hopes of making the second day into Lungshan. Tired out as we were, for it is always more tiresome to travel slowly on mules than to go fast, we did not miss the chance of playing a game of chess. This was the first time I had a good game since leaving the States, and of course, I lost three of them to Father Nicholas who had played it not so very long ago. But I consoled myself with the knowledge that we would have quite a few games when we got to Lungshan.

ALL NIGHT it rained and we started out late hoping that the rain would let up. At seven we were on our way, and the rain had almost ceased. Even then I was doubtful whether we could make our destina-

FATHERS WILLIAM AND CYPRIAN AT THE GRAVES (LEFT TO RIGHT)
OF FATHERS WALTER, CLEMENT, GODFREY AND
CONSTANTINE



tion that day or not. We had gone for less than a half hour when down came the rain heavier than ever. We ducked into a house for the rain spell to stop. We did not stay in that house long, for as soon as we got in, we found that the head of the house had just died, and his wife was watching over the body lying on the floor. We started again, and down the rain once more came. This time we ran for another house, and I told the boy to buy an umbrella, for Father Nicholas was without a raincoat.

Yes, they had an umbrella, but they themselves needed it. As far as I can remember, here is the way the umbrella was bought. My boy and the owner of the house speaking:

"Have you an umbrella?"

"We need it ourselves."

"The *Sen Fu* needs one and I want to buy it."

"No! No! We have only one umbrella and we need it, for it is raining today and what will we do if we are without one?"

"Oh! You can buy yourself another one; we can't as we are leav-

ing the place."

"No, there is none to be had in the village. It is only on market day that you can buy one. We need this one."

Then my boy espied the umbrella in the corner. Over he goes and picks it up.

"This is a good one, just the kind that we want. How much did you pay for it?"

"No! I do not want to sell it."

"Oh yes! You paid one tiou and five hundred cash for it. I will give you one tiou and six hundred cash



THREE INTERESTED READERS OF
THE PROCLAMATION. UP TO
THE TIME THIS PICTURE
REACHED US THE BANDIT
LEADER HAD NOT BEEN CAP-
TURED

for it. It is an old one and you can buy one at the next market day."

"No! No I want to use it myself now."

"Allright, here is one tiou and six hundred cash. Fine, you are fine people to help us out this way. We won't forget it."

He hands over the money and out he comes, with the umbrella.

Away we go even though it is raining. But after five minutes, the rain stopped and the umbrella was of no further use, except that it had to be carried along with us. And in less than an hour the sun came out! And when I say the sun, I mean a real burning Chinese sun. Up hill and down hill we went and on the level stretches we galloped. We stopped about noon for some food and to give the mules a rest. I would have liked to make the trip in four days instead of two, for the mountain views were limitless. One ridge we were on was the highest for miles around, and from its peak, we could see five other

ranges extending in all directions, for the rain had cleared the air wonderfully. Fast moving clouds rushed past below us, and at one time it seemed that we were on an island in the clouds. The road ran along the top of the ridge for some miles and at each bend a new view opened up. But we could not stop much to enjoy the scenery. The sun was merciless, and we had to keep up our speed lest we fall short of the end before darkness set in.

ABOUT twenty li from Lungshan is a long hill, sloping towards the city. It is at least a three-mile steady drop. And there is no shade on this road. Poor Father Nicholas felt the heat and continued strain. I also felt somewhat tired, although I had spent the last five years in China among mountains, and have done quite a bit of travelling. We had gone down until we thought we were near the end of the descent, when Father Nicholas asked me to stop and

rest. I looked for a shady plot and there seemed to be one ahead; so we made for that. It proved to be anything but a pleasant place, but Father Nicholas was so fatigued that he sank down on the stony road, and would not move for almost a half hour. Just as we had again got started, a bend in the road presented a view of a cool house, and a chance for water. Had we not stopped when we did, we could have rested in comfort instead of on the stones.

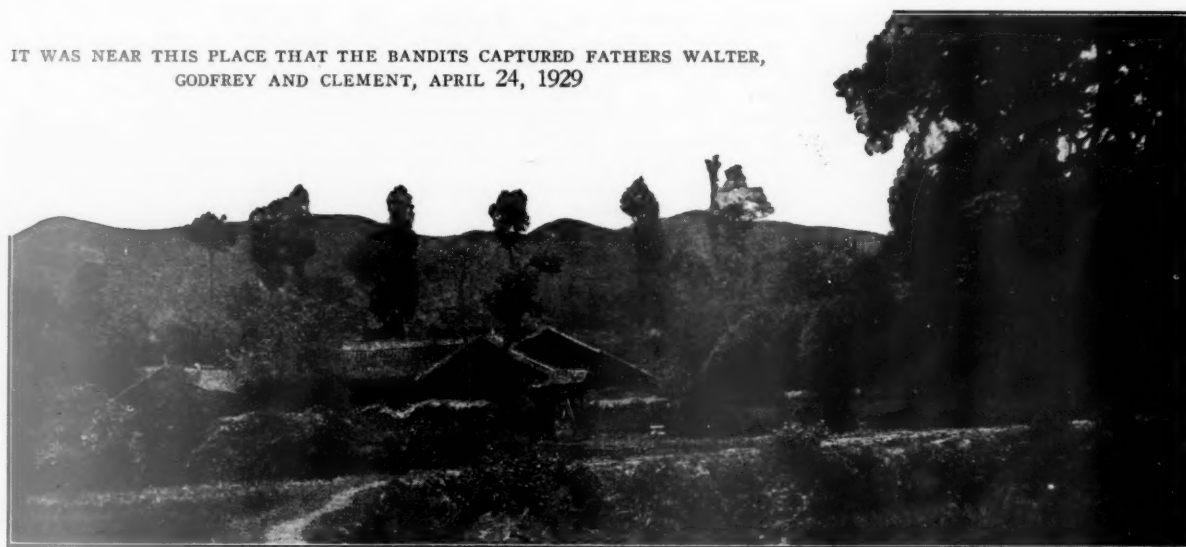
About five o'clock we reached the city of Lungshan. It certainly was a strenuous day. Our carriers reached there the next day at dark.

I stayed in Lungshan for three weeks. There was the business of having Father Constantine's effects carried all the way to Yungshun, as it would be unsafe to leave them so far away from Yungshun, from which place Lungshan would have to be looked after. And there was also the effort to get the property deed stamped by the mandarin. Father



FATHER GREGORY STANDING AT THE ENTRANCE TO THE INN IN WHA CHIAO, WHERE OUR MARTYRED MISSIONARIES SPENT THEIR LAST NIGHT

IT WAS NEAR THIS PLACE THAT THE BANDITS CAPTURED FATHERS WALTER, GODFREY AND CLEMENT, APRIL 24, 1929



Constantine had bought a piece of property and the entire cost had not been paid, nor would it be until the deed had been stamped. Some months earlier, though Father Constantine had not known of it, the Nationalist Government had issued new regulations regarding the buying of property by foreigners in the interior of China. These regulations went contrary to those formerly drawn up by both the United States and Chinese Governments, and are against international law, for one treaty made between nations cannot be broken by one party of the agreement without the consent of the other. These regulations were not presented to the American Government for ratification or approval, but were put in effect, regardless of the former agreements.

THE YUNGSHUN mandarin was willing to do all in his power for us, but he had the authorities at the capital in Changsha to rule him, and he was powerless. So my mission to Lungshan was partly a failure. We left there on June 14, which also happened to be on Friday. This day, by the way, was one of Father Constantine's favorite days. He reached there on Friday and had the official opening on Friday. He moved to his new residence on Friday. Wrote the deed to the new property on Friday. Finally he offered up his life on Friday, and I officially closed his mission on Friday. Lungshan surely is connected with Friday, the most favored day

of Father Constantine.

I think Father Nicholas has told of the other happenings of Lungshan, especially the capture and execution of seven bandits. The first three executed had Father Nicholas as spectator, and that was enough to satisfy his curiosity. On our return home, we were warned by the mandarin to wait a few days longer, as there were small bandits on the road. If I could have spared the time I would have done so, but as I had to hurry on to Kaotsun to relieve Father Ernest, who in turn had Father Timothy waiting to be relieved in Yuanchow, I thought that the bandits would be afraid to attack us, and started. Sure enough on the road we saw three of them with their shirts covering their guns. But our party was too large for them, and we passed safely on.

A few days before we reached Yungshun, Father Paul had arrived there for a short rest; so with Father Caspar, Father Nicholas, Father Paul and myself, we had some very pleasant evenings. I had to wait in Yungshun for three days until the carriers came in with the account books and records. Then a few more days were spent in closing the Lungshan account. During these days the river was rising, and I found it much more agreeable to go by boat to Wangtsun instead of over land, which means up and down mountains. It was the beginning of the hot season, and the less one is out in the sun, the better.

The short trip by boat was ex-

hilarating. That trip always is, for the number of rapids and small falls, and wild scenery would be hard to duplicate in any one spot.

IT WAS about three o'clock that I reached Wangtsun, my former mission. Father Cormac was there, and had taken over the place. In less than two hours, Father Agatho arrived. He had come up from Shenchow, and was bringing up three Missionary Fathers of the Sacred Heart, from Germany, who were on their way to the province next to ours, Kweichow. Owing to the troubled conditions there, they are unable to proceed further at present and are staying in Paotsing meanwhile studying the language. So it meant a full house in Wangtsun. And if you know the little unoccupied space to be had, you would wonder how we could all fit in. Our sleeping quarters were arranged thus. Father Cormac was in the small bedroom, Father Agatho occupied the office. The German Fathers occupied the guest room, which we also use for a dining room, and I used part of the small classroom. The next day there was a general exodus. Father Agatho left for Yungshun by chair, Father Cormac left by boat with the German Fathers for Paotsing, and I was left to pack up my things and leave as soon as possible for Kaotsun.

In two days I was on my way down to Shenchow. I arrived there about ten, in time to say Mass. Father Dunstan was in charge for the

time, as Father Paul was in Yungshun. Monsignor Langenbacher, with Fathers Cyprian, Francis, Dunstan and Rupert, who was in Shenchow at the time, saw me off after a hectic two days of hustling here and there. At last I was on my way to Kaotsun, a place I had never seen.

The first day out I made Luki, though it was past dusk. Said Mass there early and was on the boat by light. The second day we did not have as much luck. The water rose about ten feet, and many places there was no path for the puller, or no bottom for the poling. Hanging on the short bushes and pulling ourselves along, we managed to make within seven lee of Pushih, Father Gregory's mission, but now reduced to a station. Father Gregory is now in charge of Kienyang, and will remain there, till Father Quentin comes back from a much needed rest. On the third day I reached Chenki and found Father Anthony expecting me. One more day to go, but this one day proved more expensive than all the former trips put together! I had to have soldiers to escort me, and of course that meant expense.

Awaiting me was a letter from Father William, telling me to wait for him and Father Quentin, as they expected to reach Chenki on the 4th of July. They arrived in the afternoon. This was the first time I had ever met Father Quentin in China! And there is one Father whom I still

have to meet in China, Father Timothy! We were classmates in Scranton, and the last I saw him was in Hoboken at his departure for China. Even now at this writing he is but forty miles away, but that forty miles is a dangerous trip, it might as well be 400 miles, as far as we are concerned.

NEXT day, the four of us took a boat to Pushih. Twenty lee down, but it took us five hours to make it. Down river! The water was so high but the wind was continually blowing us against the bank. The third day Fathers William and Quentin continued on to Shenchow, and Father Anthony and myself turned back for Chenki. That twenty lee took us from nine in the morning till dusk at night! I stayed a day more in Chenki and then left for Kaotsun. Soldiers escorted me half way. There I had to get a new band of soldiers as the section belonged to a different detachment.

Because of the high water, a small stream had covered the stone bridge. My mule, Catsup, thinking that a lot of yellow foam was resting on a few planks stepped on that same foam and down we went. At that place the water was over head and hands. I was in up to my shoulders before I knew what it was all about, but I got out so quick that even a box of matches and a half filled pack of cigarettes did not get soaked. While

I was standing there and watching the soldiers have a great laugh at me, I heard another yell in back of me. There was the mule or rather her head bobbing up and down in the water. Just at this place the river was divided and it was in the first that I had my mishap, while it was in the second part that "Catsup" tried to drown herself. She had slipped off the stone bridge that was two inches under water, and in doing so her hind foot caught in the stirrup, thus preventing her from swimming. She was finally able to get her foot out, though not before she had pulled the saddle almost under her.

We reached Lee Chia P'in about noon. Here I had to wait for three hours for the second detachment of soldiers. And it was ten o'clock when I knocked at the mission gate. Father Ernest had given up hopes of my reaching there that late and had gone to bed. Neither of us went to bed that night though we did the next morning.

Well here I am, after travelling at least a thousand three hundred lee. And now I am stranded. Can't get out without soldiers. So from now on my travelling will be very little. It will mean at least a hundred dollars every time I want to go to Confession. A hundred dollars to go to Confession! That sounds like some of those K. K. K. sheets, but it is true, for the soldiers' hire costs every bit of that.



REAR VIEW OF THE INN WHERE THE MARTYRED MISSIONARIES SPENT THE NIGHT OF APRIL 23, 1929



VIEW OF THE PASSIONIST MISSION CHURCH, SHENCHOW, TAKEN FROM THE LITTLE CEMETERY WHERE REST THE BODIES OF OUR FOUR PRIESTS. NOTE FOUR NEW GRAVES IN FOREGROUND.

The Passionists in China

By SILVAN LATOUR, C.P.

THE PASSIONIST Missionaries are laboring in the Province of Hunan, China. But where is Hunan? How is the climate over there? How did the Passionists come to labor in that district? How long have the Passionists been working in China? Have you many priests over there? Do they have to do much travelling?

These and hundreds of similar questions are being asked day in and day out by our readers and friends. The answers to such questions are always interesting and for this reason I am going to attempt to answer them. If others have welcomed the knowledge thus given, there must be thousands of our subscribers, particularly our new subscribers, who will be glad to get this information.

HUNAN

CHINA consists of eighteen Provinces corresponding in general outline with the states of the United States. Each Province is governed by a Governor in normal times. In days of Civil War a General of the Army becomes the sole authority.

The Province of Hunan is situated in almost the very center of China. It is the sixth largest Province of the country covering an area of 83,398 square miles, almost twice the size of the State of Pennsyl-

vania. It has a population of 22,169,000 people with an average of 265 people for each square mile of territory.

The name Hunan signifies "South of the Lake," and, in fact, nearly the whole Province is situated to the South of Tung Ting Lake. This lake in summer is about 75 miles long and about 60 miles wide. In the winter it is nothing more than a marsh through which flow several streams. In summer the overflow of the Yangtze Kiang runs into the lake forcing back the waters which it receives from the Siang Kiang. In winter the lake pours its waters into the Yangtze. Since this lake is the main artery over which the Passionist missionaries must pass on their way from the Yangtze down to their headquarters, one can surmise the difficulties encountered in the different seasons of the year.

The people of Hunan have always betrayed a violent anti-foreign feeling particularly towards Westerners. They are renowned throughout China for their military spirit. This was amply demonstrated during the Red uprising in 1927 and 1928. "Foreign-devils" were driven out with a price upon their heads. For-

eign property was seized and in many cases totally destroyed.

As we have more than once stated in the pages of THE SIGN, the Passionist mission in China, located in the Province of Hunan, is the hardest of all Catholic missions in that extensive land. The hardness arises not only from the location of Hunan in the interior of the country where the people are for the most part very poor, ignorant and wretched, but also from the fact that Hunan was one of the last Chinese Provinces to open its gates to Christian Missionaries. George A. Huntley, M.D., gives us a sidelight on conditions there in an article contributed to *The Missionary Review of the World*:

"For many decades the Province of Hunan boasted that no 'foreign devil' was allowed to reside within its borders. Men like Dorward, of the China Inland Mission, Alexander, of the Christian and Missionary Alliance and Griffith John of the London Missionary Society used all kinds of strategy and daring, and frequently were in peril of their lives, but the gates of Hunan remained tightly closed.

"In the capital, Changsha, there lived a man, Cheo-Han, who carried on a nationwide anti-foreign and anti-Christian campaign by means of large colored posters which he printed from wooden blocks. One of these posters represented the missionary doctor kidnapping children and gouging out their eyes

and hearts to make medicine. Foreigners were depicted as subjected to terrible tortures by the citizens of the Celestial Empire. Worst of all, this emissary of Satan used a play upon words to degrade the name of our Lord in the eyes of the Chinese. His cartoons pictured a 'pig,' a word similar in sound to that for Lord, crucified upon a cross, before which foreigners prostrated themselves in worship, and into which Chinese soldiers shot their arrows and prodded their spears.

"In those days the prayer most frequently upon the lips of intercessors for China was 'God open Hunan.' Prayer prevailed. Cheo-Han was arrested and imprisoned by the Chinese Government as a menace to International Relations. His wooden blocks were burned, his printing presses were confiscated and his house subsequently became a repository of the American Bible Society. Thus from the very place from which issued for many years a foul stream which poisoned the minds of Chinese everywhere, there issued a stream of life, carrying with it God's blessing to countless millions. Hunan thus became fully opened for Missionary work."

RICE

IN HUNAN, rice plays a most important part. Upon it depends the life and death of the people. Too much rain or too little rain means starvation to thousands of people. Rice is the staple food.

In Northwest Hunan comparatively little meat is eaten. When a water buffalo is too old to be used in the fields it is killed and the meat is sold. This does not happen every day, as may be easily imagined. Chickens are obtainable as well as fresh eggs. But the Chinese do not consider a fresh egg as quite delectable. Rice is the ordinary food and when a shortage of it occurs there is little left but starvation.

Often have I been asked: "Do the Fathers over there have to live on rice?" No. Care is taken to provide a certain amount of American canned food but this has been considered harmful to the missionary. Not because the food itself is in any way harmful, but by relying on tinned beef, etc., the missionary would soon run the danger of sickness were his supply of canned goods cut off.

Such an accident is not by any means rare. With bandits blocking the roads, who continually prey upon the carriers, there are times when the only safe method of transportation is by river sampan. These run the same danger as the land traveller

with this difference. When a river is known to be controlled by bandits, the shippers join hands, hire a military convoy and when a few hundred sampans are ready to sail the convoy escorts them in safety. This frequently means the delay of a month or two. Hence the wisdom of training the young missionary early in his career to accustom himself to Chinese food. Our missionaries are trying to cultivate potatoes and are teaching the natives to do likewise. However, there are many places where this is not possible.

Now and again I am asked whether all the Chinese live on rice. It may prove a distinct surprise to many of our readers to learn that there are parts of China in which rice is unknown. Wheat is raised in large quantities in such districts and, as in America, it forms the staff of life. To quote from a recent bulletin of the National Geographic Society: "Millions of Chinese have never seen a grain of rice, much less eaten rice. About 150,000,000 Chinese, it is estimated, live chiefly on wheat. That is, there are more Chinese who lean on wheat as the staff of life than there are Americans who eat bread."

Unfortunately for the Passionist missionaries, Hunan, strictly considered, is not in the wheat belt of Northern China. In our district rice is the principal food. Were the cultivation of wheat, on a large scale, possible, it would undoubtedly make a distinct change in the habits and cus-

oms of the Hunanese. Rice famines have much to do with the military activities of the authorities. Soldiers will instinctively go to these sections where rice is to be found. When rice becomes scarce the soldiers become restless. As the supply becomes more and more depleted, inroads are made upon the reserve. It does not take long before the precious reserve itself is depleted. Then follows a reign of terror during which the troops will rob the natives of any rice which they may have hidden. The soldiers will go from place to place and find plenty to eat. But the poor natives are left behind to starve.

The importation of rice at such times offers a ready source of rice to bandits. The price becomes exorbitant. Only the charity of the Missionaries remains for thousands of human beings. In the year 1926 the Passionists doled out \$65,000 worth of rice to the long hungry line forming at the gates of the Missions day after day.

THE PASSIONISTS IN HUNAN

DURING the lifetime of the Founder of the Passionists, St. Paul of the Cross, he expressed his desire that the Passionists go on the foreign missions. In those early days of the Order, vocations were few. The life was hard, the fasts many, the penances severe. Many who came to the Order had to be dismissed because of failing health. The growth of the Order was slow.



THREE REPRESENTATIVE CHRISTIANS OF LITTLE FLOWER MISSION, LUNGTAN



A CHARACTERISTIC ORNAMENT IN THE NATURAL PARK OF YUNGSHUN.
FATHER DARRIES AND CASPAR TO THE RIGHT

It is not surprising, therefore, that many years rolled around before his spiritual sons found themselves numerically strong enough to take up the work of the Foreign Missions.

In the year 1921, after having requested the Holy See to assign some portion of the foreign mission vineyard to the Passionists, the North-western portion of the Province of Hunan was entrusted to the Passionists. This is now known as the Prefecture of Shenchow.

The first band of Passionist missionaries, six in number, sailed for China on Christmas Eve 1921. They arrived at their new Mission early in 1922. They learned that 15,400 square miles of territory had been confided to their ministry. Superimposed upon the map of the United States, it is the equivalent of the three New England States of Rhode Island, Connecticut and Massachusetts. Five priests and one Lay Brother—how helpless they felt in the midst of such a large Mission. They needed more priests and still more priests. In 1922 three more Passionists sailed for China. In 1923 five priests, in 1924 thirteen, in 1926 four, and in 1928 three more set sail for China, thus making a grand total

of thirty-three Passionist priests and one Brother within seven years.

CLIMATE AND TRAVEL

TO GIVE some idea of the climate it is well to remember that Hunan lies between 27 and 29 degrees North Latitude and between 109 and 111 degrees of East Latitude. On a map of America, if superimposed, the province of Hunan would fall entirely within the borders of the Gulf of Mexico. The summers are very long with a temperature varying between 90 and 103 degrees. The torrid heat aggravated by high humidity would soon have its effects upon a robust American who has been born and raised within the temperate zone.

Winter is a short season during which snow falls occasionally but never stays for long. The temperature seldom goes below the freezing point and never remains low for any length of time. Little provision for cold weather is made by the natives and in consequence there is much suffering during times of low temperature. Even the winter, however, enjoys days of warmth and sunshine.

Spring is born overnight. Today is cold, tomorrow torrid. Changes

in temperature are both frequent and violent. In early spring comes the rainy season. During this period of six weeks to two months it may rain every day. This is a particularly trying time for natives and foreigners alike. As Father Cuthbert O'Gara, C.P., writes: "Hard on the health both of natives and foreigners, the rainy weeks, if unpleasant and unwholesome, are absolutely needful, for upon an abundant rainfall depends the rice crop which feeds the populace. The semi-tropical heat of summer takes heavy toll of the missionary's physical strength and nervous energy and lays a chafing curb upon apostolic zeal."

AS FOR travelling in the Prefecture—the very area of the territory makes it imperative that each Missionary attend to one or more out Missions. This necessitates travel during all seasons and in all kinds of weather. When the rain is heavy the streams are swollen, the rapids dangerous and, frequently the roads through the valleys become impassable. In summer, when water is low, travel by sampan is often impossible and certainly hazardous, owing to concealed rocks in the river beds. Over land travel must be resorted to demanding time, patience and courage in the Missionary.

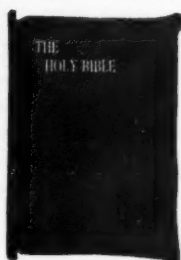
The region is almost entirely mountainous. Of highways, such as Westerners understand by the word, there are none. There are horse roads or ancient mandarin routes, once built of heavy flag-stones laid side by side. These roads were built over a century ago. Nothing has been done to repair them. The result is that the stones have been worn down, broken, upended, and disjointed, presenting a jagged surface that makes it difficult for even a pony to tread.

On the mountain roads one is always in danger from bandits. Banditry has flourished for many years throughout the entire Province of Hunan. There was never a time since the Passionists landed in China when travel did not mean danger to life itself. Lacking hospitals, with dentists over seven hundred miles away, with only native doctors to be had, it has often meant days, weeks, and months of travel for a Passionist priest to secure proper treatment. Travelling? Yes, the Passionist missionaries have travelled much throughout the length and breadth

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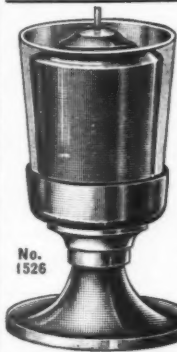


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Three dozen fifteen hour votive lights for above lamp **\$1.00**



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Rosary case, made of real leather, with clasp, and stamped My Companion in gold.

Real rosary with Happy Death crucifix, and French Grey Silver Plated Scapular and St. Christopher medals attached to the case. Size of Case 2½x2½ in.

Complete **75c**

No. 406. Same as the above with better grade rosary, real coco beads mounted on solid silver chain, with silver crucifix and connection. Complete **\$2.00**



IMPROVED SICK CALL OUTFIT



Every Catholic Home should have this most necessary item.

Size 13x7½x3½ inches. Case lined with purple satin, containing the necessary articles for administering the Last Sacraments. Articles finished in silver.

Price **\$5.00**

STATUES WITH VOTIVE LAMPS

St. Jude No. 97



Little Flower No. 99



Sacred Heart No. 98



Beautiful hand-painted Statues, painted in natural colors, with Ruby Glass and Votive Candle.

No. 98 Sacred Heart 12" high, **\$2.00**

No. 98A Sacred Heart 16" high, **\$4.00**

No. 99 Little Flower 12" high, **\$2.00**

No. 99A Little Flower 16" high, **\$4.00**

No. 97 St. Jude 12" high, **\$2.00**

NOTE—Specify size and number of statue when ordering.

NATIVITY SETS FOR CHRISTMAS

Natural colors and flesh tints. Only the best and most durable oil colors used. Excellent models and new moulds.



Every Catholic Home Should Have a Crib Set



The Christmas Crib Set illustrated has been especially designed for the home. The various statues are made from entirely new moulds which bring out perfectly each and every detail of the figures. The best quality of oil paints is used, and the decorating is done by artists who are experienced in that work. All our crib sets are carefully packed, and sent via express. Order your set early while our stock is complete, to assure prompt delivery.

No. 3260—Christmas Crib Set of twelve pieces, standing figures 6 in. high. Infant Jesus, Blessed Virgin, St. Joseph, Three Kings, Shepherd, Ass, **\$8.25**

Ox, Two Sheep, Gloria Angel. Priceper set **\$11.50**

No. 3280—Twelve piece assortment, 12 in. high, assorted as in 3260. **\$25.00**

Price per set. **\$25.00**



Painless Giving



A GOOD THING to have in the house is a Mite Box or a Dime Bank. They are convenient receptacles for your loose change. What you put into them you will probably not miss. This is a sort of painless giving. If you do miss it, so much the better for the cause for which you make the sacrifice. Self-sacrifice money has a double value: it has a certain buying power and it surely carries a blessing. Which do you want—the Box or the Bank? You can have both, if you wish.

ADDRESS:

PASSIONIST MISSIONS, INC.,
THE SIGN, UNION CITY, N. J.

— o - o —

JUST DROP US A LINE ASKING FOR A BOX OR A BANK. IT WILL BE SENT YOU BY RETURN MAIL!

— o - o —

Please write or print Name and Address very plain

OUR representative has called at the Brunswick Laundry, 220 Tonnelle Avenue, Jersey City, N. J., and made a thorough inspection of the Largest Laundry in America. He was astonished to find cleanliness and sanitation brought to perfection; he has found over 850 Employees, cheerful, healthy and satisfied with their jobs, their pay and their employers. Patrons are always invited to visit this large plant and see for themselves the process of washing and ironing. The Brunswick Laundry's policy has always been fair play to all employees and customers. We gladly recommend this firm to our readers.

Who Will Die Tonight?

THOUSANDS! Who they shall be, no one knows. I, myself, may be among them. From my heart I pray God that when the summons comes, no matter when or where, I may be ready to give an account of my stewardship.

Before I die I must settle my affairs. The things that concern my soul are of chief importance and must come first. I have today in which to get ready. Tonight may be too late.

Besides my spiritual affairs I must look after my worldly affairs. Have I made my will? What do I wish to become of my property? Even though I have very little to leave, I should give some of it to God's service.

Legal Form for Drawing up Your Will

I hereby give and bequeath to PASSIONIST MISSIONS, INCORPORATED, a Society existing under the laws of the State of NEW JERSEY, the sum of

(\$.....) for the purpose of the Society, as specified in the Act of Incorporation. And I hereby direct my executor to pay said sum to the Treasurer of PASSIONIST MISSIONS, INCORPORATED, taking his receipt therefor within..... months after my demise.

In witness whereof I have hereunto set my hand this..... day of..... 19.....

*Signed.....
Witness.....
Witness.....
Witness.....*

For Christ's Cause: Three Suggestions

1 **R**EADERS of THE SIGN, particularly of our mission department, cannot but be aware of the many and pressing needs of our missionary Fathers and Sisters in China. Their personal wants are few and simple. Were they seeking their own ease and comforts they would not abandon the luxuries of America for the hardships of China. They require a great deal of money for the building and maintenance of chapels, schools, orphanages, dispensaries, homes for the aged and crippled. They are dependent for this money upon the generosity of their American friends and benefactors. They do not look for large donations, but are counting on the consistent giving of small amounts. Please remember that they are grateful for pennies as well as dollars.

MISSION NEEDS

2 **N**OT ONLY do we need money for our missionaries already in the field; we also need funds for the education and support of young men studying for the holy priesthood. God is blessing our Order with an abundance of splendid vocations. Some of these aspirants pay full tuition, others pay part, but others are too poor to pay anything. No worthy aspirant, however, will be rejected simply because of his poverty. About \$300. per year is required for the support of an aspirant. To provide means for poor students we are appealing for student burses. A burse is \$5,000., the interest on which will support and educate a poor student in perpetuity. Can a better cause than that of bringing worthy young men into the priesthood of Christ appeal to the sympathy and generosity of a convinced Catholic? If you cannot give an entire burse, your contribution, however small, will aid in the starting or completing of a burse.

STUDENT BURSES

3 **I**T HAS been well said that it is a poor Will which does not name Our Lord Jesus Christ among its beneficiaries. No Catholic should ever forget that whatever he has he owes to God Almighty. To give His Cause some of it is doing Him no compliment whatever. He owns us and everything we have. May we suggest this special provision to be embodied in your last Will:

I hereby give and bequeath to Passionist Missions, Inc., a corporation organized and existing under the State of New Jersey, the sum of

(\$) Dollars, and I further direct that any and all taxes that may be levied upon this request be fully paid out of the residue of my estate.

The above clause incorporated in your last Will and Testament will enable the Passionist Missions properly and legally to receive whatever remembrance you care to make.

YOUR LAST WILL

**Your Cooperation Solicited! Address:
Passionist Missions, Inc., Union City, N. J.**

Passionist Chinese Mission Society

MEMBERS OF THIS SOCIETY ARE ENROLLED AS PERPETUAL BENEFACTORS OF THE PASSIONIST MISSIONARIES IN CHINA, AND PARTICIPATE IN THE FOLLOWING BENEFITS:

While Living: One Holy Mass every day of the year; a High Mass in every Passionist Monastery throughout the world on these Feasts of the Church:

Jan. 1, The Circumcision	Aug. 25, St. Bartholomew
Jan. —, Holy Name of Jesus	Sept. 8, Nativity of Mary
Feb. 2, Purification of Mary	Sept. 22, St. Matthew
Feb. 24, St. Matthias	Oct. 28, Sts. Simon and Jude
May 1, Sts. Philip and James	Nov. 30, St. Andrew
May 3, Finding of the Holy Cross	Dec. 21, St. Thomas
July 25, St. James	Dec. 26, St. Stephen
	Dec. 27, St. John, Evangelist

After Death One Holy Mass on every day of the year; in every Passionist Monastery in the world, Holy Mass and the Divine Office for the Dead on the first day of every month, and High Mass of Requiem with Funeral Rites and Divine Office for the Dead within the Octave of All Souls Day.

Furthermore: Both the Living and the Dead Benefactors share in the Special Prayers recited every day by all Passionist Communities. In particular, they share in all the Masses, Prayers and Good Works of the Passionist Missionaries in China.

PERPETUAL MEMBERSHIP in the Passionist Chinese Mission Society is given in consideration of a LIFE SUBSCRIPTION to THE SIGN, the Official Organ of the Passionist Missions in China. Both the Living and the Dead may be enrolled as Perpetual Benefactors. The price of a Life Subscription is \$50.00. *It may be paid on the installment plan in amounts to suit your own convenience.*

*LONG AFTER you are forgotten even by your own, membership in the Passionist Chinese Mission Society will entitle you to the spiritual helps you may need. * * * * As for your deceased friends and relatives, what better gift than enrollment in this Society?*

PLEASE WRITE TO:

The Passionist Missionaries

Care of THE SIGN

Union City

New Jersey

